The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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THE SPECTRE OF WIFE NO. 1 APPEARS.

What a Woman Saw Shortly After Being United to a Widower.

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OUR MOTTO,
"BE JUST AND FEARLESS."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TED COX.—Ted Pritchard was born at Lambeth, on the Surrey side of the water, and first came out as a boxer at Lambeth School of Arms.

COOLER (Ogmore).—Jem Carney certainly had the best of the fight; but as usual the strong corner prevailed, and the usual draw was the result.

J. J. (Dunraven).—We consider that Jem Carney, who has the belt, is the pugilist most entitled to recognition as light-weight champion.

O'HANLON.—Sullivan gave his weight as 15st, and William A. Brady, the manager of Corbett, in the offices of THE MIRROR OF LIFE last summer, stated that when Corbett entered the ring to fight Sullivan he weighed 12st.

SPORT (Cardiff).—Mr. Stead's statements in full may be found in the *Pall Mall Gazette* issues, July 6, 7, 8, 9, 1885.

J. J. B. (Manchester).—Alexander II., Czar of Russia, was assassinated by explosion of a bomb 2 p.m., March 13, 1881.

JUSTICE (York).—You are wrong. A pardon cannot follow an impeachment of the House of Commons.

T. L. (Bristol).—Mrs. Maybrick was charged with murdering her husband by poisoning with arsenic, June 6, 1889. She was tried before Mr. Justice Stephen at Liverpool and convicted. Sentence of death commuted to penal servitude for life August 22, 1889.

JOCKEY (Newmarket).—Fred Archer left by will £70,000. He died aged twenty-nine.

THE present year has been a "red letter" one in pugilism, and unless something unforeseen occurs, the season of '95 will bring forth matches of great importance. In this country we shall no doubt have the pleasure of seeing Champion Craig, the Coffee Cooler, stand up before the renowned Peter Jackson, whilst the Yankees will be afforded an opportunity of commenting on the Fitz-simmons-Corbett fight.

Big purses still rule, and if the boxers themselves don't spoil their own game the money inducements for important battles should materially increase. Competitions have indeed been plentiful, but the public interest in open competitions is really of a limited character. What people want is fight, and the better the men the higher the price obtainable for the privileges.

* * *

BY his decisive victory over Ted P. tchard at the Central Hall the other night, Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, has convin ed the sporting fraternity that he is one of the greatest pugilists ever seen in this country. English beef has evidently agreed with the dusky warrior, because he has grown in size to such an extent that it is only by severe training that he is able to get down to 11st 4lb. His improvement in boxing, too, has been of an extraordinary nature, and we should say he would certainly give the best heavy-weight in the world a gruelling battle, and would be very liable to come out of the ring a winner. He is determined to fight Peter Jackson, and as he has £500 backing for such a meeting, we can hardly see how Peter can refuse to take up the offer.

ONCE WAS ENOUGH FOR HIM.

"I HAVE had just one criminal case in my life," a solicitor remarked to a reporter, "and that's all I want. I'll stick to civil actions hereafter."

"How's that?" the reporter asked. "Did the man get hung?"

"No. It was a measly case, anyway. A young fellow who was the son of a client of mine got arrested for picking a pocket. His old mother, for whom I had searched two or three titles, naturally sent for me.

"I didn't want the case, but she insisted. No excuse from me would be taken; so I had to go to the police-court. There was the ornament of society in the prisoner's pen, and I nodded to him and he was finally brought out. He was charged with stealing £2.

"We talked the case over. I became convinced that the 'laddie' was innocent. Before we stepped up before the justice my criminal client handed me £5 he said his mother had given him to give to me.

"Well, the case was called, and the complainant told her story of how she was in a crowd, felt a pushing, &c., &c.—you know how those things go—and then I cross-questioned her. Her story was good enough until I finished with her, and then it wasn't worth a song.

"Then my client had his say. Of course he said he was several feet away, had arms no longer than the average man, had always worked by the sweat of his brow, and, in fact, ought to be in a better place than on earth.

"'Discharged,' said the justice, and feeling as if we had won a victory—no, not exactly that; rather, that the innocent had been saved—my client and myself strutted out of court.

"I had my money in my pocket, and made a bee line to the 'bus to hurry to my office. My client would not be shaken off. 'Where are you going?' he asked, and I told him, 'Down to my office.'

"'Well, I'll go along,' he said. 'I've got to go down town, too,' so we walked along thither, and I paid for two fares on the bus. We chatted together for about fifteen minutes, and as we alighted he said, 'I'll leave you here. I'm greatly obliged to you. Good-day.'

"'Good-day,' I replied cheerily. 'Remember me to your mother,' or something like that, and he disappeared. I had gone but a short distance when I put my hand in my pocket to take the £5 and put it in my purse.

"I didn't take them out, though; the £5 was gone. I searched one pocket after another, but only had my trouble for my pains. The money was in the pocket close to which my client had been sitting. Finally giving up the search, I said: 'Well, I'm ——.'"

"And do you really believe he took the money?" asked the reporter in his ignorance of some men and their ways.

"Believe it?" said the lawyer with a chuckle. "Well, I guess yes. I saw the fellow a week later and charged him with it. He denied it at first, and then what do you think he said?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"He said: 'Do you know, I hated to do it, but I was awfully hard up at the time.' What do you think of that? And then he added: 'Here's £2 on account.'"

"And you took it?"

"Why, certainly. Why not?"

THE Impressionist (conducting a friend through his studio): "What do you think of this new picture of mine?"

The Friend (gazing at canvas): "Oh—er—what—w—what is it a picture of?"

The Impressionist (joyously): "Heaven bless you, my friend, for those words; now I know it is a success."

THE SPECTRE OF WIFE NO. 1 APPEARS.

What a Woman Saw Shortly After Being United to a Widower.

(*Subject of Illustration.*)

WOMEN in search of husbands frequently display a weakness for widowers, never thinking to find out how the man's wife came to pass over to the majority. They take it for granted that a man who has once tasted the cup of marriage bliss must certainly be preferable to one who knows none of the cares of household duties. In seeking a husband a woman should first ascertain if the object of her expectations possesses an unblemished character, is capable of earning a good living, and last, but not least, is free from bad habits. If a certain woman in Fulham had been a trifle more careful she would certainly have avoided tangling herself up into an odious union; but it is now too late, and she is compelled to make the best of a bad bargain. It is only three months since that she became united in marriage to a widower who appeared to be an ideal man. For a month matters progressed as favourably as one could expect, and the woman believed she had made an excellent catch. By degrees the husband found it necessary to be away from home a considerable amount of his time, and when he did put in an appearance his mode of progression was by no means an attractive one. From bad he suddenly went to worse, and whilst the newly-married woman was sorrowing over the waywardness of her husband she approached the large mirror in the extreme end of the drawing-room. Besides her own reflection she perceived the spectre of wife number one, who had passed over to the majority in years gone by. At first she was paralysed with fear, but when a voice, apparently emanating from the spectre, was heard she plucked up courage. She was then warned not to worry over the creature to whom she was bound, but to make the best of a bad lot; otherwise a premature grave would be the result. The woman is greatly concerned over the matter, and is accepting legal advice on how she should act to her best interests.

AN OLD OFFENDER CAPTURED.

A Clever Trick Perpetrated upon a Lag who has Served Many Terms.

(*Subject of Illustration.*)

POLICEMEN on a certain beat in the North-West have been receiving many complaints of late from victims who have been robbed whilst asleep when under the influence of liquor. The gay young man who becomes fairly intoxicated and sets out to walk home in hopes of recovering the usefulness of his brain and legs frequently find it convenient to take a brief rest on a doorstep. It is whilst thus occupied that he is overcome by sleep, and when in a semi-unconscious state any valuables in sight disappear. A trap was set the other evening by two officers, who placed an effigy of a man in a crouched position upon a doorstep in that locality, and from the waistcoat dangled a heavy chain. The officers lay in wait, and after spending a restless hour they were rewarded in seeing a man approach the figure noiselessly, and whilst he was in the act of stealing the chain they swooped down upon him, and soon recognised in the culprit an old offender, who for the next eighteen months will have the pleasure of working for the Government for his room and board.

SID WALLIS, OF HOLBORN.

A Clever Boxer who has Won Many Contests.

(*With Portrait.*)

WALLIS, of Holborn, must not be confounded with the palatial firm of Wallis which succeeded Charles Meeking and Co. in that district. Wallis is modest. Some persons would describe themselves as of London, England, or Europe; but Wallis, the boxer, is content to be described as of Holborn, and to be satisfied with local fame. Soon we may have Sid Wallis challenging the world; but that event, if it ever happens, is in the dim and distant future. Wallis does not favour us with his age, his birthplace, or his weight; but he has not forgotten to tell us that he has beat Bill Day, George Murray, Jack Smart, Tom Andrews, Bill Bolton, Tom Emery, and Bill Stevens. Sid was also runner-up in a 7st competition at the Duchess of Cornwall, and fought a draw with H. Connell—and for such is THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

JIMMY BERRY.

A Liverpool Lad who has Won Eight Contests.

(*With Portrait.*)

JIMMY BERRY hails from Liverpool. He is a youthful boxer of nineteen, but a lad of great promise. He is—to use his own words—the winner of eight hard and game battles over members of the provincial fancy. Berry is about to be matched for the 9st championship of Liverpool.

PHUNNYGRAPHS.

PRISON VISITOR: "My poor man, how did you get in here?"

Convict: "Hard luck. I didn't manage to steal enough to fee a first-class lawyer!"

* * *

MR. EMDEE: "Years ago the doctors used to bleed their patients for about everything they had."

Van Pelt: "The practice doesn't change much, does it?"

* * *

MISS SILLIGUEL (sobbing): "I think it's awful mean. That horrid Jones girl has been saying that I paint."

Miss Meannesse: "Never mind, dear. I guess if she had your complexion she'd paint, too."

* * *

"THERE, my love," said the young husband, as he placed a large bundle on the table, "I've bought you a pair of sleeves."

"Oh, you darling," exclaimed the delighted wife, "I am so happy! Anything will do for a dress."

* * *

MAIDEN of blushing fifteen: "You have changed a great deal of late, Charlie."

Callow Youth: "To my own advantage, I hope."

Maiden: "Certainly to your own advantage. Formerly you bought me a box of chocolate every day."

* * *

HETTIE: "What a perfectly charming and original person Mr. Blather is!"

Flossie: "What has he said or done recently?"

Hettie: "He had a seat in a crowded street car that I entered, and he looked up from his paper and bowed to me."

* * *

A LITTLE pair of gloves that yet
Retain the scent of clover,
And just a tinge of violet—
I turn them vaguely over,
And wonder how the girl I kissed,
The night she promised to be true,
Can jam a number seven fist
Into a pretty number two.

* * *

TOM: "You look awful blue. I suppose it is because of Miss Maybelle's having rejected you?"

Cholly: "Yes; I can't help feeling sorry for the poor girl."

* * *

"So you wish my daughter for your wife?"

"Partly that, madam, and partly that you may be my mother-in-law."

* * *

LITTLE GIRL: "Oh, mamma! Come quick."

Mamma: "Mercy! What's the matter?"

Little Girl: "There's a mouse in the kitchen, and the poor cat is there all alone."

* * *

MRS. DIMPLE: "What shall I give Fred for a Christmas present?"

Mrs. Wimple: "Why don't you give him a box of cigars?"

Mrs. Dimple: "But I'm afraid the dear boy smokes too much."

Mrs. Wimple: "He won't if you buy the cigars."

* * *

CHARLIE: "It is strange that George should have stooped to marry a ballet girl."

Fred: "Oh! She doesn't dance any more. George does the dancing now."

* * *

"HERE, Bill," gasped the man on the ground to the man who was jumping on his stomach with a pair of heavy boots, "that ain't fair. This is nothin' but a fight; it ain't no football game!"

* * *

FRIEND: "The villain in your new play is a masterpiece. Where did you get the character?"

Dramatist: "I imagined a man possessed of all the varieties of wickedness which my wife ascribes to me when she gets angry."

* * *

HIS SISTER: "Papa was calling you a little while ago."

Young Hopeful: "Did he say 'Thomas or 'Tom'?"

His Sister: "He said 'Thomas.'"

Young Hopeful (seriously): "Then I guess I'd better see what he wants."

* * *

HE (with engaging candour): "Miss Mabel, do you know why it is I don't ask you to make me the happiest man in the world?"

She: "I can't say that I do."

He: "Well, it's because you would be the thirteenth girl, and I'm superstitious enough to fear that you'd say yes."

* * *

BLANCHE: "Do you think, Mr. Waters, that hanging is a very painful death?"

Waters: "Well, ladies, it is generally allowed that there is nothing so painful as suspense."

* * *

ADELAIDE: "My heart is broken and my life is blighted. I shall never be happy again."

Mary: "Why?"

Adelaide: "I wanted to reform the man I married by my influence, and George hasn't any bad habits."

LIFE'S MIRRORINGS.

By E. S.

AFTER MANY ROVING YEARS.

CHAPTER I.

MANY years ago, before wide thoroughfares, big mansions, and modern pavements had usurped the cobble stones, gable houses, and crooked lanes of the City of London, there dwelt in the most cobble-stoned, gable-housed, and crooked of its lanes a miserly old citizen named Toogood. Why Toogood seems impossible of explanation, except that names more often than not indicate the direct opposite, as there are no doubt many of my readers who can testify to this singularity. Now, Citizen Toogood had a mind as distorted as the crooked lane wherein he dwelt, and his neighbours often remarked that "Toogood was a hard man—as hard," they said, "as the cobble or cobbler's lap stones which paved the roadway of his shop door." Toogood was too selfish even to have afforded himself the luxury of a wife, and in addition to being a miserly old curmudgeon he had become a confirmed and crusty old bachelor. Not crusty in the sense usually assigned to old wine, where the crust outside the bottle gives some indication of the character of the generous liquor within, but exactly the reverse; for the neighbours of this "worthy" or unworthy cit averred that no generous sympathies or warmth of feeling had ever been known to find its way through the crust with which Toogood had surrounded himself.

It was to this uncle that his nephew, Harry Toogood, had been entrusted, when scarcely more than an infant, through his father and mother dying broken-hearted—the one through loss in business, and the other through loss of her husband. Old Toogood did not take kindly to the legacy which he would have renounced in favour of some other relative; but as no other relative happened to be in existence, the compulsory guardianship was undertaken in the most grudging and ungracious spirit, and Toogood failed not to convey to his nephew (when sufficiently old to understand him) that he was far more free than welcome.

It was well for Harry that his uncle had a kindly old housekeeper, who tried in an old-fashioned but good-hearted manner to make some amends for her master's habitual ill-treatment of the poor lad. Youthful companions Harry had none. To him the usual games that in those days delighted the humbler class of boyhood were as strange as gunpowder and firearms when first seen by the aboriginal New Zealander. Under happier circumstances Harry would have been sent to school years before, and it was not until some boyish escapade of a trivial character aroused his uncle's ire that it was determined that the "bit of kitchen stuff" (such was his uncle's term) should remain at "home" no longer, and a cheap boarding school being searched for through the medium of the scholastic advertisements in a daily paper of the period, one was eventually found with the greatest advantages in the way of education and diet for the smallest possible sum. This advertised Elysium for youth was situated about twenty miles from the City in a north-westerly direction, and after some correspondence had ensued between the principal of this academy and Harry's guardian, old Toogood determined that to this school the boy should be sent.

Harry's ideas of school life were extremely limited. He had been taught almost all he knew by the old housekeeper, and a small library of books belonging to his uncle had done the rest. The lad was quite willing and ready to go anywhere away from a place where every day he was reminded of his dependency; but the housekeeper, who had been a second mother to the lad, roundly abused her employer for sending him away like a bale of merchandise; without even taking the trouble to label him "With care." It was in vain for the kindly old soul to intercede. The old man was obdurate, and said the boy had been too long tied to her apron strings, and he was resolved that Harry should no longer plague him by idling at home.

Thus snubbed the old lady retired very sad at heart to her kitchen, where she exercised her ingenuity in making sundry little pasties, as the best expression of her goodwill which she could devise, and spending what little time remained prior to the boy's departure in mending his scanty wardrobe.

Harry slept but little on the evening prior to his departure from his uncle's residence. When not awake his dreams were of the new world he was about to enter. There was the charm of novelty in associating with other boys of his own age; but then he dreaded the disadvantages he would labour under, feeling as he did his deficiencies and the benefit his anticipated future associates must have derived from their companionship with sisters and brothers, and more especially a mother. At this thought the dim remembrance of his own mother came to his mind, and then he sobbed as if his little heart would break.

As morning dawned and the sun stole through the window of his attic he recovered his usual cheerfulness, and met his old friend, the housekeeper, resigned and almost happy; but when he found the good old lady so distressed at the idea of parting from him, the lad's spirits fell again, and with a genuine outburst of grief Harry fell upon the old housekeeper's neck, and youth and age mingled their tears in unison.

Harry had to be at the railway station by eight o'clock a.m., so the old dame, acting as deputy for the uncle, conveyed to the lad his parting salute, which was in keeping with old Toogood's usual repellent style. The old lady, having received permission from her master, accompanied the lad to the railway station to see him off by train to the school.

There was some time to wait when the platform was reached, but at last the bell rang for the departure of the train. The old lady, almost as flurried as her charge, hurried him into the first compartment, and there, after age had shed copious showers of tears on the head of youth, the poor old housekeeper was dragged away, almost blinded, from the lad, who at the moment of parting seemed dearer than ever. The whistle then sounded, the engine started, the train moved on, and for the first time since he had become his uncle's ward the old lady was separated from her charge and left solitary and sadly looking after the fast receding train on the railway platform.

It was really a case of the blind leading the blind when the old housekeeper had taken Harry to the railway station. It was her first visit, and imagining that the train was like the stage coach of her youth, when you could alight at any place through which the coach passed, the housekeeper had neglected to ascertain that the train stopped at the station adjacent to which Dr. Stintum's academy was situated, and where someone was to have been in waiting to conduct Harry to the doctor's seminary. The consequence was that the lad, left to himself, could hardly realise his position. The crowded platform, the bustle of life in all its varied phases and activity, and the carriages dragged along by an unseen power, seemed so marvellous to the boy, who had seldom strayed beyond his uncle's shop door, that he imagined himself in a land of enchantment, and could not for the time being think or act. The train was a fast one, and with the exception of some trifling stoppages ran direct to Liverpool. Harry was bewildered for some time by the rapidity with which the train moved. Everything seemed to fly by it—houses, trees, cattle. It did not stop, as the lad had been given to understand, at Watford Station. There was no one in the compartment in which Harry was seated to give him information, and as time passed on, and the train also, he began to wonder where he was being taken. Just as his doubts and fears had become almost insupportable the engine slackened its speed, and the train, moving slower and slower, at length entered the station at Liverpool.

Harry lost no time in leaving his compartment; but everybody seemed so busy in looking after their own affairs that no one gave heed to the lad's queries. He wandered to and fro in the station, and then mechanically following the stream of passengers, found himself lonely, tired, and hungry in the streets of Liverpool. Alarmed and bewildered by the noise and bustle of the great seaport town, Harry sat down on a doorstep, and did what a great many other boys far more versed in the ways of the world, placed in the same position, would have done—namely, wept copiously.

Had Harry been less tearful and distressed he would have noticed a girl about a year or so older than himself a short distance away, who was gazing curiously and sorrowfully at the boy. She was one of those self-reliant looking children whose presence in a home is like a sunbeam. With a different expression of face she would have been called a very pretty child, but as she looked across to where Harry was sitting with a preternaturally sharp look, it seemed to imply that she had begun life's struggles before her better-situated sisterhood had learned the rudiments of education. Undecided at first, eventually her indecision appeared to give way to an assured conviction, and, crossing over, before the lad was aware of her presence she had touched him lightly on the shoulder.

Harry looked up, and seeing the blue tearful eyes of a girl of about fifteen looking down upon him, wondered where the apparition came from. The boy had an indistinct recollection of having seen the girl's face before, but her garb was so womanish, and the girl in such keeping with her garb, that he gave up the idea as improbable.

"Why are you sobbing so, little boy?" said the little woman, ignoring in her self-reliant manner the fact that "the little boy" was but a year or two younger than his questioner.

"I have lost my way, and—oh, I am so tired and so miserable!"

"Did not you live in Saint Anthony's in the City, and did not your uncle keep a dyer's shop?"

"Yes. Why do you ask? Do you know me?"

"Of course I do; that's why I crossed over from the other side. Don't you remember little Jessie Smith, who used to bring things to your shop?"

The boy, to whom the revelation came like a flash of light, remembered to have seen a little bright-eyed child bringing laces, &c., to be cleaned or dyed, who had often caused undefinable sensations in the boy's heart. Leading a lonely life at his uncle's, he had yearned for the companionship of the girl, and here she was like a good fairy at his side; but then, oh, how changed in appearance!

"How is it," he asked, "you are dressed so differently now to what you used to be?"

"Well, my mother died, and as I had no father and no relations, I was taken to the union, and now I am to be sent out to Canada as a servant. As the ship has something the matter with its machinery we have put into the dock for repairs. How lucky it was that I thought of looking round the town, for if I had not I should never have seen you. Why are you here? Do tell me. Oh, I am so glad to see you!"

Harry declared that the luck was all on his side, and went on to tell the little woman how his uncle had sent him to Dr. Stintum's, and how through the poor old housekeeper's flurried state of mind, he had been put into the wrong train, and brought by it to Liverpool.

"But imagine, dear Jessie," the boy exclaimed, "my good fortune in you finding me here!"

"Oh, dear!" cried Jessie sadly, "I am pleased to see you, and yet how sorry. Whatever will become of you? There's a dear good boy, do try and get back."

"That's impossible," said Harry. "The person sent to meet me from Dr. Stintum's will not wait all day, and I dare not go back to Saint Anthony's." At this reflection the old feeling of loneliness came over the boy, and, appealing to the little woman as if for counsel, he exclaimed tearfully, "What shall I do?"

Jessie, whose orphan experience had preternaturally sharpened her wits, reflected for some moments, and then replied, "For goodness sake, dry your eyes. I have it now. They are very busy on the ship, and no one will notice such a little mite as you coming on board. There are plenty of places where you might hide, and I could bring you a share of the food served out to me. Besides, what have you done with your clothes, if you were going to a boarding school?"

The lad then recollected that in his agitation he had not only left his clothes, but the pasties which the kindly old housekeeper had made, in the train; but Harry was so delighted with the plan proposed by Jessie, that he forgot the loss of his clothes and dainties, ceased crying, wiped his eyes, and vowed that Jessie was an angel, and that he never would forget her—no, never.

(To be continued.)

BILL NOLAN.

A Drury Lane Lad who Challenges the 9st Division of his District.

(With Portrait.)

DRURY LANE, Clare Market, and the Dials seems at the present time to be the hotbed of pugilism. Irish cockneys were always a pugnacious race, and have furnished the best Ring material. Bill Nolan, of Drury Lane, is twenty-one years of age, and stands 5ft. 5in. A friend—Tim Sullivan—first introduced him to public favour by pitting Nolan against a neighbour, Jack Daly, of Drury Lane, better known as the Old Iron Horse, which—considering his opponent had such a wear-and-tear cognomen—ended in a not discreditable draw. Since then Bill has climbed the ladder of fame steadily, and his victories are so numerous that his friend Tim hardly knows whether to be pleased or jealous at the success of his novice, as Nolan has issued a challenge—not to box the world, but any 9st. lad in Drury Lane.

HARRY BROWN (BLACK.

A Dusky Light-Weight of Considerable Promise.

(With Portrait.)

HARRY BROWN is ten shades darker than midnight, and hails from Liverpool. Brown fights at 9st 4lb or thereabouts, and his most recent performance is the defeat of Jack Green, of New York, on December 3, 1894.

A CRUEL MURDER IN FRANCE.

A SHOCKING murder has been committed in the neighbourhood of Dieppe. An old gentleman seventy-seven years of age lived in a lonely house with one servant, a woman aged sixty-nine. On December 20, some of the villagers, noticing that the door of the habitation had been left open, suspected some mischief, and, on entering, found the corpse of the female retainer lying in a pool of blood, the skull having been opened with a heavy hammer. On ascending the staircase they also discovered the body of the old gentleman in his bed, the curtains of which were drenched with blood. The features could not be recognised, as the face had been completely battered in, also with a hammer. Robbery was the evident object of the murderer, as the strong box, which was in the bedroom of the owner of the house, had been fractured, and it was clear that the criminal was acquainted with the ways of the place, as a wardrobe, which only contained linen, had not been opened. The judicial authorities were promptly on the spot, and their investigation has resulted in the arrest of an individual on whom grave suspicion has fallen.

THE LION QUITS WHEN FIGHTING A BULL.

BY way of variety there has been a battle between an African lion and a five-year-old bull in the bull-fighting arena in Madrid. A correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette* says:—High bets were made, and nothing else was talked of for days; it seemed as if the national honour depended on it. The fight took place in a gigantic iron cage, 39ft in diameter, which was put up in the centre of the arena. With a tremendous spring and loud roar the lion entered first—a splendid animal, and so savage that Mallen, the lion tamer, could not make use of him in his performances. Only last year he nearly fell a victim to his foolhardiness, being dragged out of the beast's claws almost torn to bits, the lion having just before killed a hyena. The lion paced round the cage several times, and then lay down opposite the door of the bull's cage. A second bell being rung, this door was opened, and an indescribable motion went through the crowd. Like lightning the bull started up and went straight at the lion, which now raised itself and lifted its great paws. For one moment the two animals seemed to be one moving mass, when the monarch of the desert was seen to fly through the air. Thundering applause from the thousands and cheers for Spain filled the air, for they evidently considered the bull's victory as a symbol of the national destiny. The bull now took a few steps backwards towards the centre of the cage and awaited a new attack. But as this did not come, he rushed forward and rolled his enemy about in the sand like a ball, till, by a sudden turn, the lion tried to get at him behind, and had already struck its claws in the bull's hind quarters when he was driven off by several powerful kicks, and was finally again tossed. The lion now gave in, and amid the hisses of the public tried to escape, till he was allowed to slip into his cage. In similar fights during the last forty years the bull has triumphed over lions, Bengal tigers, and ice bears. He was, however, not equal to the elephant, for his horns could not pierce the thick hide, and a tremendous blow from the trunk sufficed to lay him in the dust.

GIVING THEMSELVES AWAY.

HOUSEBREAKERS who, while exercising their criminal abilities, carry note-books in their pockets with the names and addresses of their friends inscribed therein, render valuable assistance to the police, who are naturally anxious to discover the residences of offenders against the law. The truth of this obviously commonplace statement has been fully proved by the capture of a burglar in Paris. Two men were engaged in breaking into the house of a furniture dealer in the early morning. Other colleagues of the pair were posted on the boulevard to keep a look-out, when suddenly an alarm was raised by a road inspector, who had observed the movements of the gang from a distance. Seeing that they were discovered, the two who were in the act of breaking into the house dropped down from the window to the road, and ran away as fast as their feet could carry them, followed by their companions who were on the watch. A policeman who attempted to stop the runaways received a blow from a knuckle-duster between the eyes, but, although blinded with blood, he continued the chase and captured one of the fugitives. He was threatened by another of the gang, who pointed a revolver at him, but, help coming, the courageous policeman was able to convey his prisoner to the station. There the housebreaker obstinately refused to give his name, but in his pocket was found a memorandum-book containing the names and addresses of his companions. The Commissary of Police lost no time in taking the necessary steps to have these people arrested. There are accordingly in the lock-up five criminals of a most dangerous character. They belong to a gang of housebreakers and garrotters who have their headquarters in the Gôbelins district, and have long been the terror of people who dwell on the lonely and interminable boulevards running from the Luxembourg and the Jardin des Plantes towards Montsouris and Montrouge.

WATSON: "What makes Bjenks wear such a big chrysanthemum in his buttonhole?"

Wilson: "I don't know, unless it's to hide his shabby overcoat."

* * *

SHE: "But he has such a delightful way of saying things—quite a poetic temperament."

He (a rival): "Yes; he has soarings after the infinite, and divings after the unfathomable, but he never pays cash."

* * *

HUSBAND OF HER: "Do you expect me to marry the whole family?"

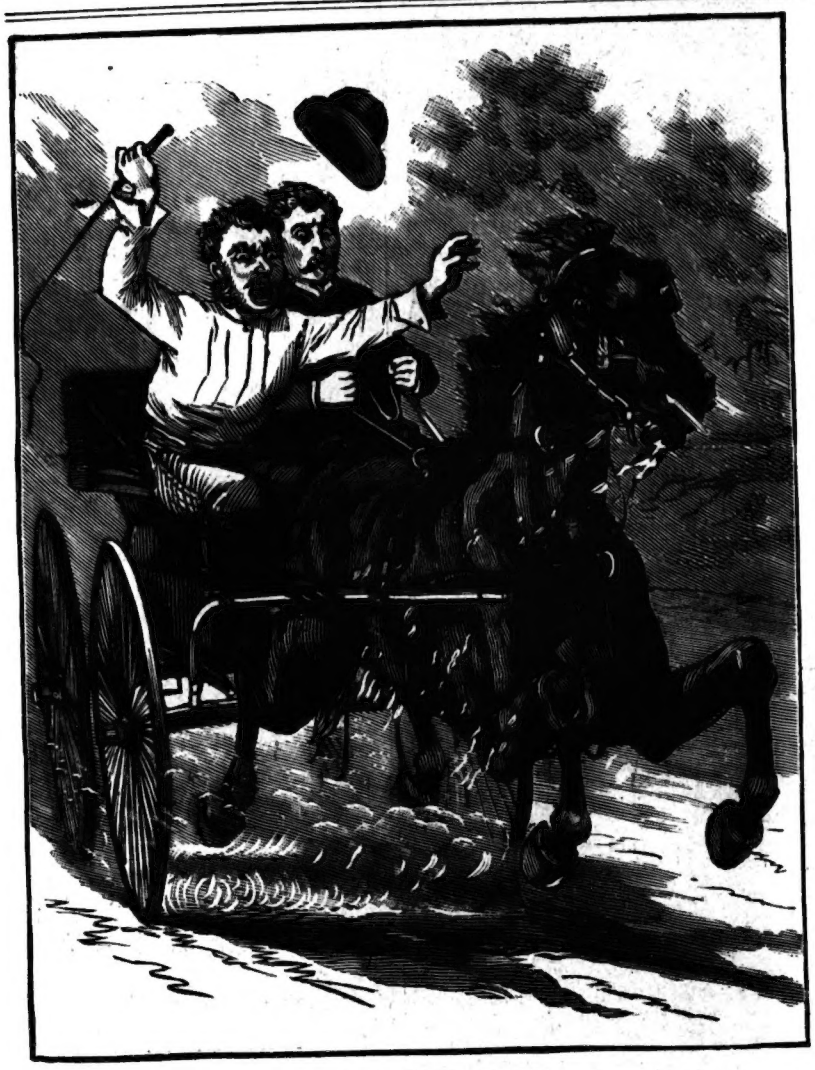
Father of Her and Seven Others: "Well, you are young, you know."

* * *

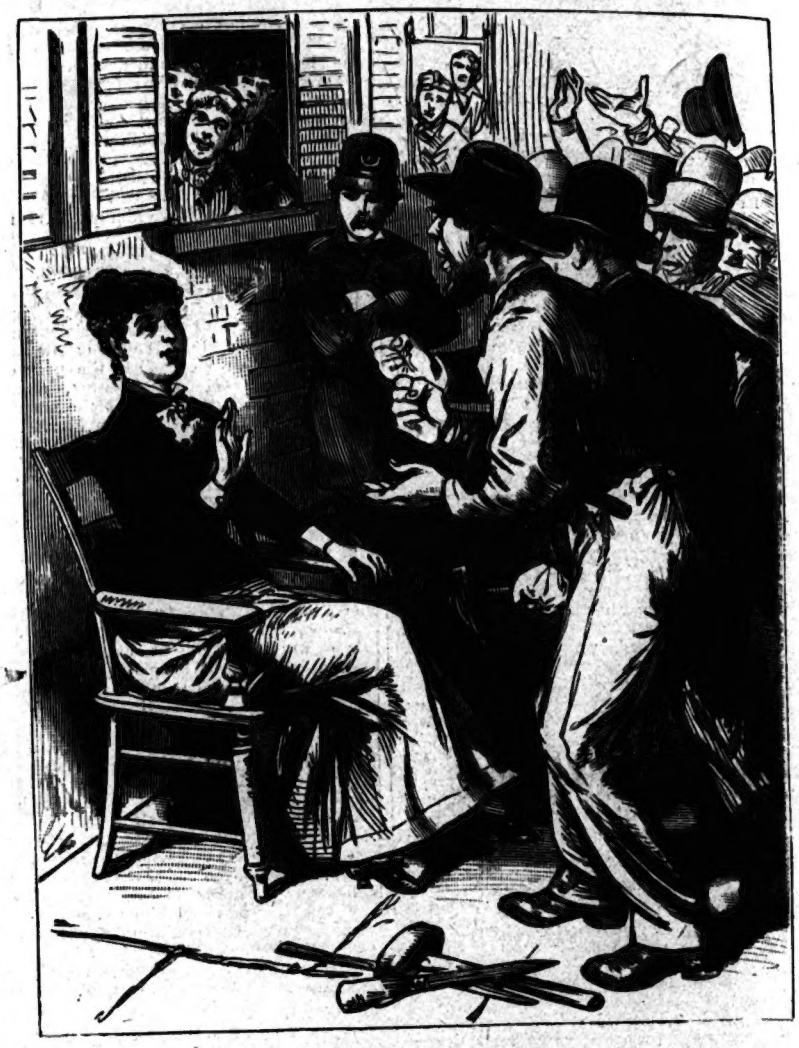
"MAY I not," he pleaded, "kiss those matchless lips?"

"Not for an instant," she rejoined, "can I think of such a thing."

Patiently he waited until an instant had elapsed, and was duly rewarded.

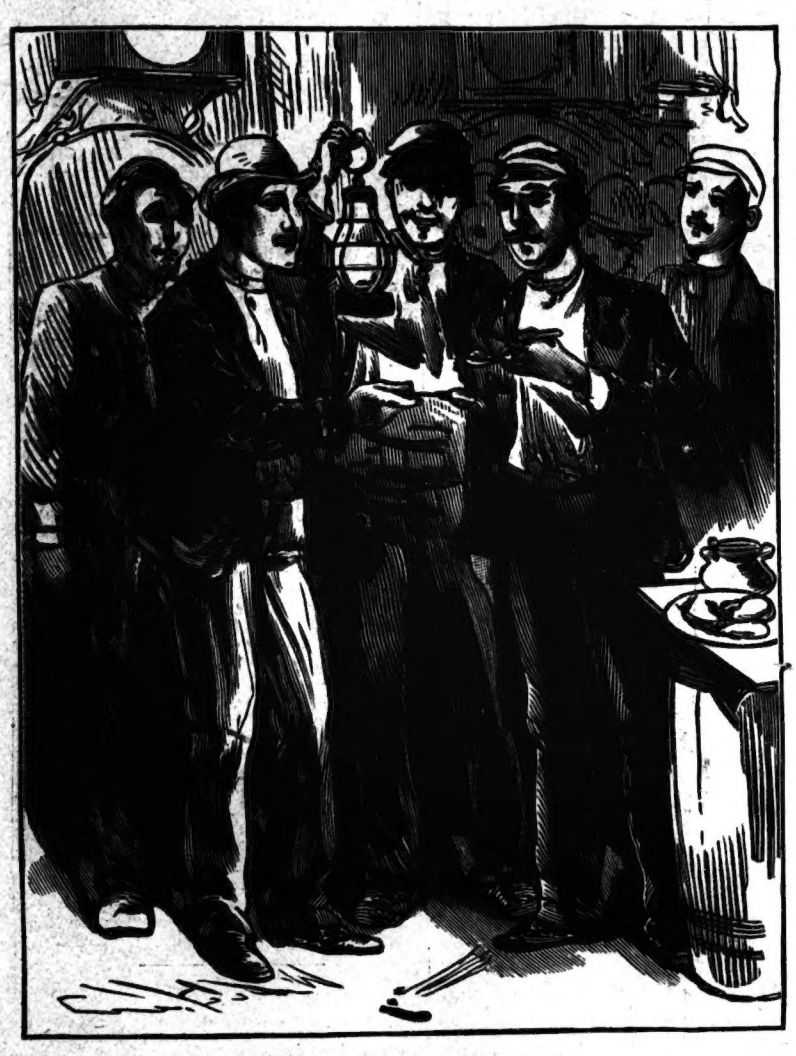


A RIDE FOR LIFE.
A Lunatic for a Companion on a Long Drive.



SHE HELD THE FORT.
A Plucky Girl Defies a Gang of Labourers.

GOT HIS BOOTS BACK.
An Episode in a Second-Rate Hotel.



THEY INITIATED HIM.
Veterans Play a Practical Joke Upon a New Comer.

SOUSED HIS PAL.
A Chemist who Got His Revenge on a Clerk.

A CASE OF DRINK OR DIE.
Convivial Colonials Play with New Arrivals.

A FAMOUS RACING MAN.

DENIS O'KELLY, who had the good fortune to possess the mighty Eclipse, was a remarkable man in many ways, whose career, full of strange vicissitudes as it was, is unquestionably one of the most interesting and romantic recorded in the History of the British Turf, and well worthy of a foremost place in the bead-roll of famous racing men. He was born in Ireland, but in what portion of it is doubtful. His parents were in a humble position of life, and his brother earned a miserable pittance as a *brogue-maker*. Under what circumstances Denis left Ireland is not known, but it is certain that he arrived in London in the year 1748, when he was about twenty years of age. He was then unable to read or write, but being a tall, strapping youth, succeeded in obtaining a situation as a sedan-chairman, in which capacity his handsome face and athletic proportions attracted the favourable attention of a lady of title, who loaded him with presents and money, and enabled him to cut a more imposing figure in the world than he had ever done before. Being naturally gifted, as we have said, with great personal attractions—a fine figure, prepossessing features, and dashing manners — Denis O'Kelly soon worked his way into the society of men of *ton*, and spent the countess's guineas with all the air of a gentleman to the manner born. He rapidly acquired the reputation of a reckless and daring gamester; indeed, his passion for gaming was from the very first extraordinary. He was, however, singularly unfortunate in his early attempts to win fame and fortune with dice and cards. Reduced to beggary by ill-luck, he had to become first a marker at a billiard table, and then to fill a similar office at a tennis-court, where he acted as the drudge and attendant of the sharpers who had robbed him. In those situations he made the acquaintance of noblemen and gentlemen, who permitted or rather obliged him, for the sake of their own convenience and amusement, sometimes to take part in their matches. This led him again into expensive habits, and he was at length thrown into the Fleet Prison, where he became attendant at the tap, and lived by carrying out beer to his fellow prisoners. Whilst in the Fleet he made the acquaintance of a beautiful, but too notorious woman, named Charlotte Hayes, and it was probably through her assistance that after a durance of three years he was able to leave the Fleet. About the year 1760 he was thought good enough to be allowed to purchase an ensigncy in the Westminster Regiment of Middlesex Militia, which was just then raised, and in due time he rose by regular gradations to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. From the moment he left the Fleet there can be no doubt that he went in recklessly for gambling of every description, but he must have had a remarkable run of luck, or else he would never have been in a position to purchase the horse with which his name will be for ever associated, and which unquestionably founded his fortunes. The way in which he became possessed of Eclipse was singular, but before detailing the circumstances it will be as well formally to introduce the great horse to the reader. In the year 1764, during a partial eclipse of the sun, which made the year a notable one, a mare named Spiletta, in the stud of H.R.H. William Duke of Cumberland, of Culloden fame, gave birth to a chesnut foal by Marske, which was called after the phenomenon which had marked its birth, Eclipse. On the death of the royal duke his stud went to the hammer, and a Mr. William Wildman, a sheep salesman of Smithfield, who kept a string of horses at Middleham, became the purchaser of Eclipse under rather peculiar circumstances. Wildman had received a hint from one of the duke's stud grooms that the colt was something out of the common way, and was resolved to obtain possession of the animal. Accordingly, he went to the auction, but on his arrival found that Eclipse had just been knocked down for seventy guineas. The astute salesman pulled out his watch and discovered that the sale had commenced some minutes before the advertised time. He at once walked up to the auctioneer, pointed out that it still wanted three minutes of the time advertised, and insisted upon it that the proceedings were illegal, and that the sale must begin *de novo*. The auctioneer, threatened with the law if he refused to comply with this demand, at length gave in, and the lots already knocked down were re-sold, when Mr. Wildman became the purchaser of Eclipse for 75gs. It was not, however, until the horse was a five-year-old that he was run in public, at the Epsom May Meeting of 1769. Previously to this Wildman determined to have a private trial in which Eclipse should be tested against a first-class horse. Rumours of the extraordinary excellence of the son of Marske and Spiletta had already got abroad, and touts were hired by the racing gamblers of the day to watch the trial and report the result. But Mr. Wildman and his confederates stole a march upon these worthies, and when the latter arrived upon the scene the trial was over. Their rage and disappointment were unbounded, but they were fortunate enough to fall in with an old woman who said she had seen the trial, and described Eclipse as being far ahead of the other horse, which, she said, seemed to be running to catch him, but in vain. This was better than nothing, and away the touts went to Jack Medley's, in Round Court, Strand, the then chief betting-house in London, where O'Kelly, Vauxhall Clarke, Irish Tetherington, Dick England, and others of the gambling fraternity held rendezvous. The news at once spread that Eclipse was a wonder, and when he started for his maiden race, a fifty guinea plate for horses that had never won thirty guineas (matches excepted), 4 to 1 was betted on him. These odds were fully justified by the result. The race was run in four-mile heats, Eclipse carrying 8st, and though he was pulled hard by his jockey, John Oakley, he distanced his four opponents completely, leaving them "almost out of sight." Both O'Kelly and Wildman won heavily over this victory. The next triumph of Eclipse was at Ascot, on May 29 in the same year, and previous to that race O'Kelly had taken odds to an immense amount that he would name all the placed horses in their order. An hour before running this reckless plunger went even further, and betted evens and 6 to 4 that he would place the horses in their order, and when called upon to declare he used the memorable formula which has since passed into a proverb, "Eclipse first and the rest nowhere." This was literally the case, for in sporting phraseology a horse that is "distanced" is "nowhere," and that was how Eclipse served his antagonists on this occasion. Soon after this, Mr. O'Kelly bought a half share of the horse from Mr. Wildman for 650gs., and eventually the other half for 1,100gs., a large sum for those days, but, considering the immense sums he won for his owner, he must be deemed one of the cheapest bargains ever purchased. At the lowest computation O'Kelly made £30,000 out of Eclipse, by betting, and through sale of his produce. The career of Eclipse on the turf was as short as it was brilliant. He ran his first race, as has been seen, on May 3, 1769, and his last performance as a racehorse was at Newmarket on October 4, 1770—just eighteen months. During that period he had won eleven King's Plates, in ten of which he carried 12st., besides other stakes and matches. He was never once beaten or even approached, and so great was his fame that he was seldom admitted to subscription stakes without a high premium and penalty. Thus, in the last race he ran, a 150-guinea plate, O'Kelly had to pay 100gs. entrance fee to enable his horse to run, and the only bets that his owner could get on him were by laying long odds that Eclipse would not only beat the other competitors, but distance them. And when we remember that he did completely "lose sight of" such horses as Strode's Pensioner and those two splendid animals Bellario and Tortoise in a canter, it must be admitted that Eclipse was a veritable wonder. But perhaps this famous animal's most remarkable race was his match against Bucephalus, the son of the renowned Regulus, at Newmarket, in April, 1770, each carrying 8st 7lb. Wildman and O'Kelly had each staked 600 to 400gs on Eclipse, for so high was the reputation of Bucephalus among racing connoisseurs that the betting was only 6 to 4 on his opponent. It was thought by the best judges that if Bucephalus were beaten at all it would only be by a neck. A splendid race ensued for about half the distance, but though the North-country horse was in grand condition and ran with extraordinary gameness, proving himself a worthy son of old Regulus, he could not touch Eclipse, who simply romped in, the easiest of winners. The effect of this defeat upon Bucephalus, who had never before been beaten, was singular. It fairly broke the heart of the noble horse, and he never again ran in anything approaching to his old form. As a racehorse Eclipse was considered in his day to have been the fleetest animal seen since the time of the famous Flying Childers, who is credited with some of the most extraordinary feats of speed on record. Childers was a chesnut, like Eclipse, but with a white blaze on his forehead, and four white legs. He was bred by Mr. Leonard Childers, of Carr House, Doncaster, and foaled in 1721, and the following astonishing performances are assigned him by tradition. In 1721, in a trial against Almanzor and the Duke of Rutland's Brown Betty, carrying 9st 2lb over the Round Course at Newmarket, he did the distance (3 miles 4fur. 93yds.) in 6min. 40sec. He was said to have moved 82½ feet in one second, which is at the rate of nearly a mile a minute. He also covered the Beacon Course (4 miles 4fur. 13yds.) in 7min. 30secs. No such marvellous "times" are recorded of Eclipse, and, considering what clocks and watches were in those days, we may well doubt whether these achievements of Flying Childers be not apocryphal. But the career of Eclipse at the stud was even more brilliant than that on the turf. He begat from his own loins no fewer than 335 winners, who, between the years 1774 and 1798, won close upon £160,000 in stakes, exclusive of cups and plates. The most famous of his immediate issue was Young Eclipse, foaled in 1778, who won the second Derby in 1781 from a field of fifteen. Eclipse himself died at Colonel O'Kelly's estate at Canons, in Middlesex, on February 28, 1789, at the age of twenty-five. Colonel O'Kelly's splendid judgment in racing was amply proved by his carrying off the Derby twice, in 1781 with Young Eclipse, and in 1784 with Serjeant, both sons of old Eclipse. But it was, perhaps, as a breeder that he obtained greatest distinction. His two renowned stallions, Volunteer and Dungannon, were in great request, and a strain of their blood was anxiously sought for by all breeders of thoroughbreds, whereby both the gallant colonel and the Turf reaped signal advantage. How lucrative this business must have been may be gathered from the fact that in a single year (1793) O'Kelly advertised for sale no less than forty-six mares in foal, most of them by Volunteer and Dungannon, and they fetched great prices, the Prince of Wales being an extensive purchaser. By the dam of Soldier from her produce by Eclipse and Dungannon he cleared £10,000, and his other mares, of which he had often fifty or more in his possession, were the source of immense gain to him; whilst the mere fact that in twenty-three years the winners bred by him made on the turf and at the stud no less than £518,000, an enormous sum for those cautious days, is sufficient to prove that O'Kelly was *facile princeps* among his contemporaries as a breeder of blood-stock. In illustration of the prices fetched by his horses, we may state that in 1775 he sold a two-year-old untried Eclipse colt for 1,000gs., and five hundred more if the animal won the first time of starting This was considered in those days a gigantic price. In the year 1771, Mistress Charlotte Hayes, who seems to have been more prudent and saving than most women of her class, purchased the estate of Clay Hill, near Epsom, and made it over to O'Kelly, who built himself training stables on a splendid scale. "The Cottage," as the mansion was facetiously termed, from this time became a famous resort of sportsmen of all classes, and the colonel and Charlotte had the privilege of entertaining some of the highest personages in the land. But the society was strangely mixed. Here the Duke of Cumberland and that notorious ruffian, Dick England, occasionally hob-nobbed together; here the Prince of Wales and Jack Tetherington, Lord Egremont and Ned Bishop, Lord Grosvenor and M. Champreaux, the Duke of Orleans and Jack Stacie met, and for the moment forgot the social differences between them in the charming and magnificent hospitality of their lively and accomplished entertainer, for Charlotte was still beautiful and witty, and O'Kelly was voted by every one the prince of good fellows. His wines were superb, his table of the choicest, and the motto of his house was the jolly old Rabelaisian one, *Fa ce que y vouldras*. It was Liberty Hall in its broadest sense, and yet, strange to say, though once an inveterate gambler himself, O'Kelly would allow no gaming at Clay Hill. During this time it appears that the colonel attended superficially to his military duties, and accompanied his regiment in its various changes of quarters. But he and the fair Charlotte found time to travel from race-meeting to race-meeting in grand style. That lady, by the way, was O'Kelly's guardian angel. She had raised him originally from poverty into a position in which he was enabled to make his first bold stroke for fortune, and so long as she was by his side he made no mistakes. Unfortunately she was not always by his side, and on one occasion, at York, he forgot himself and grossly insulted (he said it was an accident) the daughter of a Roman Catholic baronet, an affair which caused him for some time to be looked upon coldly by his aristocratic friends. But he lived this scandal down in some degree, though that it was not wholly forgotten is obvious from the remarks which subsequently fell from Lord Mansfield in a case in which O'Kelly was plaintiff. The colonel and his quondam acquaintance, Dick England, a terrible specimen of the ruffianly "gentleman," so called, from whom the ranks of the Mohawks were recruited, quarrelled over a disputed debt. England, meeting O'Kelly one day, when the latter was dining at Medley's, first insulted and then assaulted him. The colonel was suffering from a severe attack of gout, and though a powerful man and an accomplished bruiser, was unable to do much against his brutal and cowardly assailant, and was consequently thrashed within an inch of his life. He brought an action for damages against England in the Court of King's Bench, but so adverse was Lord Mansfield's summing-up, and in such black colours did he paint O'Kelly's character, that the jury only gave the plaintiff one shilling damages.

"MOIKE, yez ud better taak th' umbrelly."

"Phwy? Oi don't belave it'll rain."

"No more do Oi. Av Oi did Oi'd keep it for mesilf."

"MY dear young lady," said the old gentleman at the matinée, leaning forward, "would you object to taking off your hat? I can't see the stage on account of it."

"Certainly not, sir," replied the young lady, removing her hat.

Then she spoke in a clear, metallic voice to the young man in front of her:

"May I ask you, sir," she said, "to comb your pompadour down? I can't see over it."

A RIDE FOR LIFE.

A Lunatic for a Companion on a Long Drive.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THERE was every appearance of a coming storm as Mr. X was passing through the village of Havingham, and he had yet nine miles to travel before reaching his destination in the town of Norwich. It is a well-known proverb that "troubles never come singly," and the prospect of a downpour of rain, accompanied with thunder and lightning, would in no way tend to his comfort or safety, for the high-spirited animal he was driving would, if it became alarmed, require all the skill he could exercise to keep it within control. The first few drops had scarcely fallen when from an angle in the road stood a bare-headed man attired only in his shirt and trousers, and carrying in his hand a stout thorn he had cut from the hedge. When he came within a few yards of this peculiar figure he was hailed with a request for a lift, and being of a kindly disposition was nothing loth to grant such a demand, considering the rain was increasing and the scanty covering of the individual aroused his sympathy. Having allowed his new-found passenger to be seated, he settled to make the journey as short as possible, and giving the mare her head they rattled along at a sharp trot. "Fly!" said his new-found friend. "The storm fiend is upon us," and, raising his stick, struck the already startled animal several blows. "Long oats," said he, as the mare, now thoroughly beyond control, dashed at breakneck pace along the road. "She wins! She wins!" and Mr. X often recounts his memorable ride with the escaped lunatic, who, he was told, was driven mad by losses on the Turf, and speaks of it as a hairbreadth escape which would have proved fatal but for having to cross a flooded common, which caused the mare to come to a walk. At the same time his strange companion leapt from the trap and vanished in the darkness, much to his relief.

HOW MANY FIRES OCCUR.

Invariably the Result of Carelessness or to Conceal a Crime.

(Subject of Illustration.)

HAS it ever occurred to our readers how many of the extensive fires are started? In most instances carelessness is the primary cause, and so common have they become of recent years, particularly in the States, that seldom are they thoroughly investigated, or do they receive more than passing mention in the Press. The big Chicago fire was started through a cow kicking over a lamp while in the process of milking, and country fires frequently arise through the same cause. Having a lamp or candle close to a cow's heels while she is being milked is truly a dangerous piece of business. Clerks start many fires through pure carelessness by throwing burning matches into the waste-paper basket or on the floor without first extinguishing them. Occasionally we hear of men being foolish enough to search for a leakage in the gas pipe, bearing a candle in the hand.

Children playing with matches prove dangerous at times, whilst the kitchen maid who attempts to hasten a fire in a stove by adding oil to the wood gives an excellent display of ignorance, and deserves to be severely punished. It is a difficult matter to guard against a blaze starting up through a defective light, and almost impossible to prevent rats in the hold of a ship from causing much sorrow if combustibles are about, but there should be a heavy penalty inflicted upon tramps who seek refuge in empty buildings or outhouses, because nearly everyone is addicted to drink and tobacco, and they have not sufficient forethought to realise the danger in falling asleep when they have a lighted pipe between their fingers. Occasionally we hear of a fire being created to conceal a crime, but the most prevalent cause is on the part of those who strive to obtain insurance money. Every fire should be minutely looked into, and the miscreants severely dealt with.

COULDN'T TOLERATE STREET MUSICIANS.

A Publican's Method of Dispersing a Band who Played Objectionable Music.

(Subject of Illustration.)

HAD a band of street musicians on London Road, in Liverpool, played some lively English tunes, it is likely they would have been unmolested by a certain publican, but when the band struck up Irish airs with a German flavour to them he certainly was justified in entering an objection, and this he did in a most forcible manner, because on coming out of his place well laden with pewter pots he let them fly at random. The musicians attempted to retaliate by raising their instruments in a threatening position, but the publican's aim was unerring, and he soon boasted of carrying off the honours. The five objectionable characters beat a hasty retreat, and will probably give that spot a wide berth in future.

TURF NOTES.

WOLVERHAMPTON AND HURST PARK.

THE STAFFORDSHIRE STEEPLECHASE.

THE SLOUGH STEEPLECHASE.

THE CHRISTMAS HURDLE RACE.

THE FINAL HURDLE RACE.

SELECTIONS.

THE last meeting of the year will find the followers of sport attending Hurst Park on Friday and Saturday next, and as good entries have been received, little fear can be entertained but that the year of '94 will be brought to a fitting close by a record attendance at the above fixture, previous to which, on Thursday, Wolverhampton will have been brought to a satisfactory conclusion, for the full number of events on the card should bring together a representative crowd of sportsmen. The principal of the seven events will be the Staffordshire Handicap Steeplechase, in which we find the names of Belmont and Olga Kemprus, both recent winners, and as these are likely to be opposed by some fresh talent in Peter the Packer, Edgar, and others who have done duty before, a close and exciting finish is to be anticipated. At first glance which may be the best with 11st 6lb, Belmont should command a good following if sent, next to whom I prefer Unionist. The Bunbury Maiden Hurdle Plate has at present an open appearance, but if Pins takes kindly to the sticks he should prove a stumbling-block to others of his own age. There are sixteen entered; Pengegris and the cast-off Schubert represent the four-year-olds, and the solitary entry of Indian Chief stands alone. Valley King or Perth Lad may be dismissed, and the first-mentioned, Pins, or MacBoozer, look like securing the chief honours. The Kingswinford Steeplechase Plate should fall to the useful Olga Kemprus or Lemon Squash. Graig Olway has been in useful work, and if pulled out in the Ingestre Steeplechase should be able to account for it. Pantomime and Fernhurst are also engaged, but Graig Olway should hold a decided preference. Ribble or Tennis Top are best in the order mentioned in the Oxley Maiden Selling Hurdle Race. Hurst Park, by its close proximity to the metropolis, will give the London division the opportunity to be present at the fall of the curtain for the present season, although little leisure will be allowed ere we start on a new year. Below will be found the following selections, which, if sent, may be the best to follow, and should prove successful:—

THURSDAY.

WOLVERHAMPTON.

The Staffordshire Handicap Steeplechase,
Belmont.

The Bunbury Maiden Hurdle Plate,
Pins.

The Kingswinford Steeplechase,
Olga Kemprus or Lemon Squash.

The Ingestre Steeplechase,
Graig Olway.

The Oxley Maiden Hurdle Race,
Ribble.

FRIDAY.

HURST PARK.

The Slough Steeplechase,
Moriarty.

A Maiden Hurdle Race,
Galloping Dick.

The Sydenham Hurdle Race,
Toil and Trouble.

The Old Year Handicap Steeplechase,
The Midshipmite.

The Surbiton Selling Steeplechase,
Overcast.

SATURDAY.

The Christmas Hurdle Race,
Comic Opera.

The Wentworth Steeplechase,
Marcalwhey.

The Surrey Hunt Steeplechase,
Snaplock.

The Final Hurdle Race,
Glencloran.

CHALK.

TED BEACH, OF WEST GREEN.

A North London Pugilist who Challenges All Comers at 6st 6lb.

(With Portrait.)

TED BEACH, a clever lad, who challenges all England at 6st 6lb for £100 a-side, was born at Holloway in 1874, and is therefore but twenty years of age. He is 5ft 3in tall, and his best fighting weight is 6st 6lb.

He commenced boxing two years ago by taking on Bert Gooch, of Wood Green, in a twenty-round battle. Beach won in seven rounds. He next disposed of Jumbo Swift, of Bowes Park, in six rounds. Was runner-up to Jim Williams in a 6st 10lb competition for a championship belt. Beat Fred Billet in six rounds at Edmonton; won Frank Hinde's 6st 10lb competition at St. Andrew's Hall, disposing of J. Maloney and Charley Gledhill, contending with a broken arm. July 16 he defeated Bill Parsons, of New Southgate, in six rounds, and on July 30 he disposed of Parsons for a second time in a similar bout.

In the recent competitions he has been thrice successful, carrying off the 6st 10lb prize and also one at 7st; in this he was giving away weight to some good lads; and on the 15th of the present month gained a victory over Jabez White in the final of Frank Hinde's 6st 12lb division.

Beach is a clever lad, and will take a lot of beating. He bids fair to make a good record for himself in the future.

CHARLES MITCHELL.

England's Shrewdest Boxer, who will shortly Visit America.

THIS week we give the portrait of one of the cleverest of the fighting division, no less a personage than Charley Mitchell. Since the day that Charles won the competition at the Chelsea Baths promoted by Billy Madden, after Madden's fall out with Sullivan, in order to find a heavy-weight to defeat the Boston Boy, Mitchell has been steadily acquiring fame and with it fortune.

Always desirous of being a top-sawyer, and leaving ground game to other hunters, Mitchell's quarry was and is usually to be found at the top of the tree. On one occasion, at the Aquarium Theatre, Mitchell informed us that he intended to fight J. L. Sullivan. "Not that I think I can beat him," said Charley, "but because even if I am beaten such a meeting would do me more good than if I defeated Jim Smith."

Words could say no more. All know the story of Charley's meeting with the "Terrible Slugger" and the result—a result which but for friendly interference might have ended in the defeat of the hitherto invincible Sullivan.

Again, when Slavin arrived in this country we met Charley either at Kempton or Sandown Park races—we forget at this lapse of time which—and he informed us that he had issued a challenge to box Slavin. We remember also a bit of a shemozzle at the Aquarium Theatre in which Charley, in administering chastisement to a well-known but very cheeky boxer, offended that boxer's patron; and as Charley Mitchell and Jem Smith were to meet the following night at St. Stephen's Hall, Smith (so we understood at the time) was put on ten pounds to knock Charley into the orchestra.

We were present on the occasion of the meeting, and so were a good many more to see the fun. Instead of Mitchell going into the orchestra it very nearly resulted the other way about. This was one of the warmest bouts we ever remember seeing in connection with Charley Mitchell.

Although Mitchell was defeated by Corbett, we have it on good authority that Charley, by his show business and otherwise, made more money than the actual winner, no less than about 18,000dols. falling to Charley's share in this transaction.

We believe Mitchell shortly proposes visiting the States and giving exhibitions in conjunction with a fistic celebrity, of which more in the near future. Mitchell will challenge the winner of the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight in July.

THEY INITIATED HIM.

Veterans Play a Practical Joke upon a New Comer.

(Subject of Illustration.)

IN the merchant service the new comer has to undergo the process of being initiated in the mysteries, which are carried out apparently for the benefit of the practical jokers who will henceforth be his companions. Having only just left school or his mother's apron strings, he becomes an easy prey for his more enlightened companions. Our illustration depicts a scene in the cabin of one of our Mediterranean boats that run to China, where the new comer, before he had time to change his clothes for the uniform of cap and jacket with bright buttons, was told it was the custom of those who wished to keep their sea legs to partake of a few oysters. The newly arrived gentleman's son without the least hesitation accepted the information with profuse gratitude to his benefactors, little thinking that these worthies had doctored the nutritious bivalve with cayenne pepper to such an extent that after partaking of one it caused him to open his mouth as wide as a church door on a Sunday morning. "Try another," said his tormentors, and they cajoled the unfortunate youth to demolish the remaining one, after which they watched his tears while screaming with evident delight.

OBJECTED TO QUICK SHAVING.

An Aspirant to Honours as a Rapid Shaver Meets with a Tough Customer.

(Subject of Illustration.)

SINCE THE MIRROR OF LIFE promoted a competition for the championship at rapid shaving there have been many aspirants to honours, and we are receiving letters every day from various quarters stating that a new champion is about to be developed. Our time is too well occupied to devote much attention to the claims of the knights of the razor, because many are decidedly impracticable, but one we have received is worthy of mention simply because it varies from all others. The letter, which comes from a large town in Lancashire, states that a certain barber has made it a practice of scraping the faces of his customers at break-neck speed, and many who have patronised him for years find it a relief to seek another tonsorial parlour when they can boast of a fair growth of stubble. It happened, however, that a transient customer, while being operated on the other day, received a nasty cut directly under the chin, and the moment the victim spied blood flowing he bounded out of the chair and pounded the tonsorial artist in such a merciless manner that a police officer was necessary to appease the wrath of the irate customer.

GOT HIS BOOTS BACK.

An Episode in a Second-Rate Hotel.

(Subject of Illustration.)

MIXING up boots at a hotel is rather a time-worn dodge, and is invariably productive of considerable wrath on the part of those who are unfortunate enough to be the victims. When a stranger peeped outside of the door of his room at a second-rate hotel the other morning he found in place of his own boots a pair belonging to one of the female guests. He laid siege to the bell-rope and rung up the clerk, who soon disappeared, carrying off the foot-gear. He failed to return with promptitude, and the gentleman from the country started ringing the bell for dear life. He soon summoned every available servant about the establishment, and when the boots were produced they were found to be an unusually large pair and sadly in need of repair. The chambermaid commented on a large foot, but the man soon set her quiet by saying his foot was his business.

SHE HELD THE FORT.

A Plucky Girl Defies a Gang of Labourers.

(Subject of Illustration.)

AN amusing scene was witnessed in the south of London the other day, a young lady making a determined stand against a gang of labourers. They intended shutting off the water, but being determined that they should not take such liberties the young woman brought out a chair, placed it over the spot where they proposed to work, and sitting down she defied them to touch her. A police officer was present, and treated the affair in a humorous manner, declining to take any action in the matter.

"WHY is Smith always singing, 'Give me the old-time religion'?"

"Didn't take up any collection in those days."

"WE should be thankful for small mercies," said the boarding-house mistress.

"We have to be," replied the star boarder, as he gazed at the diminutive turkey.

LECTURED UPON DEVELOPMENT.

A Lecture as Was a Lecture.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"BEFORE commencing this lecture I must ask if two of you ladies will kindly step forward." These were the first words that fell from the lips of Minerva, who was about to expound the theory of the vascular system to the twenty-four female students who formed a class in the higher grade of education. The flutter was general, and it was a decided case of, "You, you—no, you," before one of the stoutest of those present managed to climb upon the stage to become a subject by ocular demonstration. This gave courage to a fashionably-dressed and youthful beauty, who, full of blushes, nimbly mounted the platform, where you may rest assured that she was generally criticised by her less obliging friends, who, if nothing else, asserted she was fast in coming forward. "Now, ladies," began the intelligent tutor, "with this piece of chalk I will show on the bust of our friend with a few rough lines, a diagram of what is known in the meat line as her 'pluck.' Here we have her heart, the seat of life, and described by the baser sex, man, as fickle." "Ladies, I can assure you I was never fickle in my life," someone whispered. "And to continue," said she, "from this point depends the whole of her circulation."

A CASE OF DRINK OR DIE.

Convivial Colonials Play With New Arrivals.

(Subject of Illustration.)

OUR Colonial cousins in the southern hemisphere, whose time is devoted to the cares of the sheep run, occasionally pay a visit to the nearest township to squander and revel whilst the cash hangs out. A few congenial spirits, who that day had arrived at Mangatainoka, near Wellington, were bent upon getting the most fun and drink procurable at the store, for after compelling some Maoris to swallow a vile compound of gin and vinegar, they turned their attention to some fresh importations from the mother country, these being ne'er-do-wells who, in the hope of accumulating a rapid fortune, had that day entered the town in their search of the visionary wealth. No sooner had they entered the shanty than they were called upon to choose between death or drink. With knees trembling the first victim placed the bottle to his lips and ventured to gulp down a mouthful. The hilarious boys compelled the new arrivals to each swallow a dose, after which they cordially invited them to partake of their hospitality, much to the relief of the newcomers, who gladly accepted the change of position offered by the boys.

J. JOHNSON.

An Edinboro' Tonsorial Artist with Sporting Aspirations.

(With Portrait.)

"SWEET Edinbro'. I smell thee noo!" Such was the exclamation of the homeward-bound Scotchman when he arrived in the land the leal in the old days; but all this must have been improved when J. Johnson arrived in the Scotch capital in 1886 at the early age of thirteen. It is not so much what J. Johnson has done as what he is going to do. A cut above the common barber, Johnson is also a wig maker, and has made wigs for some of the leading pros. He has also won a shaving competition. Now let us allow Johnson, like Young Norval, to describe himself: "I am a comedian of no mean order, and will at some future time adopt the stage as my profession. I am very popular, and I am patronised by most of the sporting fraternity of the town." Young and popular, Johnson seems to look upon the world as his oyster. We hope, in the language of Tom Hood, he will not be—

"Like Colchester native born,
To its vinegar only and pepper."

FRED DENNY.

A Music-hall Vocalist of Considerable Promise.

(With Portrait.)

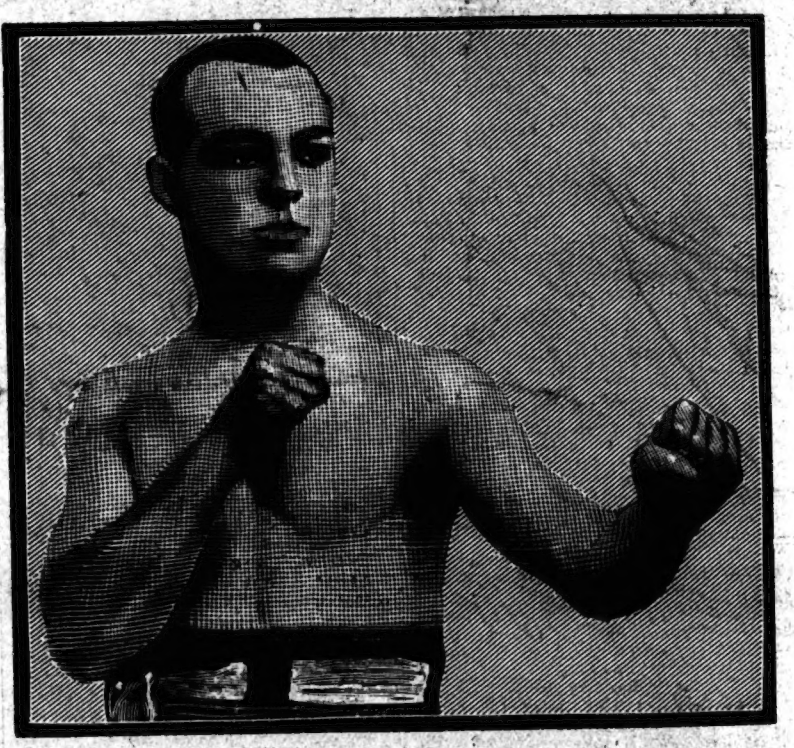
MR. DENNY, who first saw the light of day at the village of Eastleigh, in Hampshire, some nineteen summers ago, made his first appearance on the stage in Paris, at the Navone Cirque, when only sixteen. This was the occasion upon which Wag Ward and Tim Buckley fought a glove contest at that establishment. His success as a comic vocalist was at once assured, and from that time he made up his mind to stick to the profession. On his return to England he placed himself in the hands of Mr. George Ware (the Old Reliable), and after earning a high reputation throughout the provinces (his chief successes being at Bristol, Brighton, Portsmouth, Manchester, Leeds, and especially at Bradford), he has appeared and secured engagements at the leading London halls for some years to come, and being merely a youth, he has every prospect of having an enviable career before him.

ROBINSON BENTLEY.
A Lancashire Publican who is an Adept Cricketer.

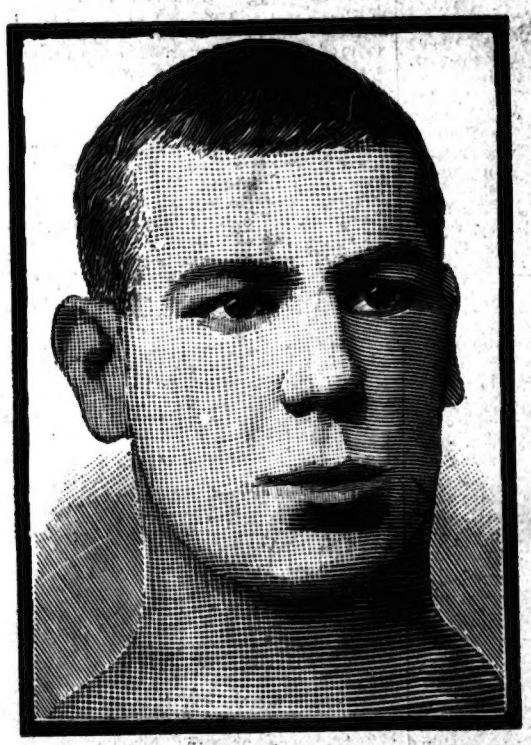
FRED DENNY.
A Music-hall Vocalist of Considerable Promise.

J. JOHNSON.
An Edinboro' Tonsorial Artist with Sporting Aspirations.

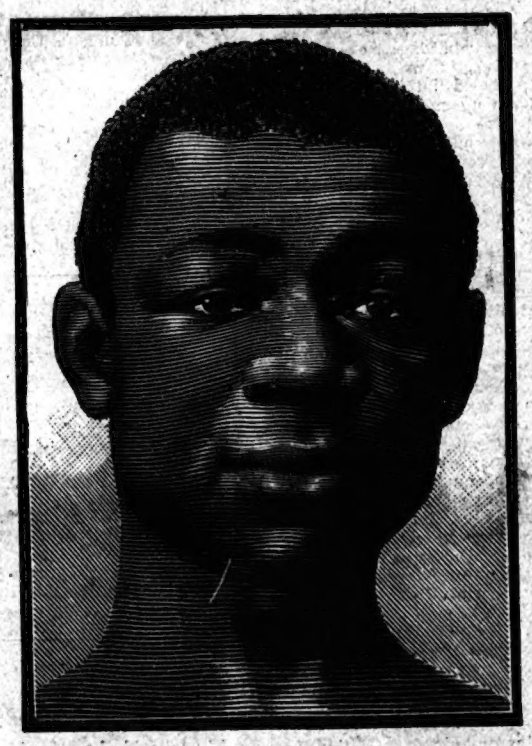
TED BEACH OF WEST GREEN.
A North London Pugilist who Challenges All Comers at 6st 6lb.



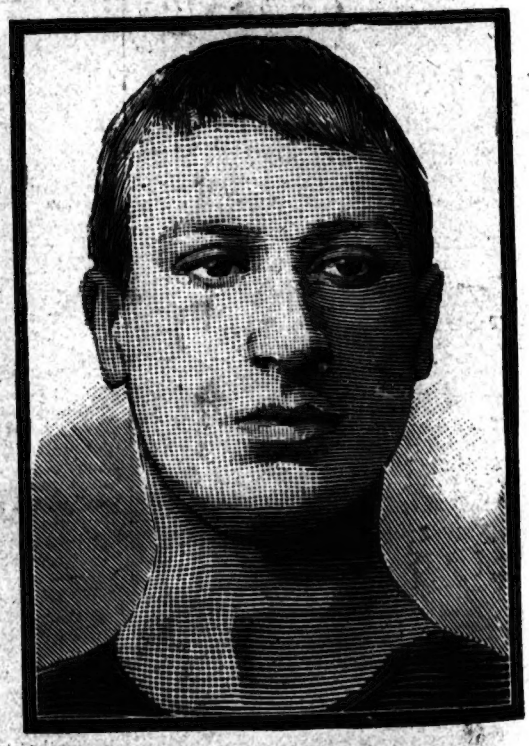
JIMMY BERRY.
A Liverpool Lad who has Won Eight Contests.



BILL NOLAN.
A Drury Lane Lad who Challenges the 9st. Division of his District.



HARRY BROWN (BLACK).
A Dusky Light-Weight of Considerable Promise.



SID WALLIS, OF HOLBORN.
A Clever Boxer who has Won Many Contests.

PREPARING FOR A MASQUERADE BALL.
How Merrymakers Make Up for an Evening's Pleasure.

Coffee Cooler to Jackson.

Craig the English Champion.

Will Peter Fight Him?

The "Mirror of Life" Presentation.

Valentine Disposes of Stewart.

A Quartet of Veterans.

Gossip of the Fancy.

(*With Illustration.*)

On another page we illustrate the termination of the great international championship fight between Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, and Ted Pritchard, the English champion, which occurred at Central Hall, Holborn, on Monday, December 17. It will be seen that the referee, Mr. Calder, is standing in the ring, that being the manner in which referees officiate in contests of importance in the United States. Pritchard is lying prone on his back in one corner, whilst the Coffee Cooler is standing ten feet distant, waiting the expiration of the ten seconds time.

Two weeks ago we announced in our editorial columns that Ted was completely outclassed, and advised our readers to lodge their money on the Cooler to win. We had carefully viewed the preparatory work of both men, and knowing they would enter the ring in the best possible condition, we could hardly see how a man of Pritchard's inches could afford to face such a formidable customer as Craig, and in summing up the form of both men there was but one alternative, and that was to declare in favour of the biggest and most scientific of the pair.

Pritchard informed us the day of the fight that he was in superb condition, and when he entered the ring the public would be afforded an opportunity of seeing him at his very best. That he is a remarkably good man no one can deny, but in the Coffee Cooler he found a customer who, without a doubt, stands prominent as a scientific boxer and a punishing hitter. Before the match had been in progress a minute it was evident to Pritchard's most ardent supporters that their favourite would prove easy game for the dusky marvel, and it only required four well-directed blows on the part of Craig to bring the fight to a decision.

Pritchard, having conquered Jem Smith and all comers, with the exception of Jem Hall, was the best man we have had in England for some years past, and the manner in which Craig disposed of such a shining fistic light is sufficient evidence that the Coffee Cooler is one of the greatest pugilists England has ever seen. So confident are the supporters of the new champion of England that he can defeat any of the prominent heavy-weights that they have offered to match the Cooler against Peter Jackson for £200 or £500 a-side, to fight ten or twenty rounds, Queensberry rules, within three months from signing articles. Only business is meant on the part of Craig; therefore Jackson must come forward and accept, or else cease to call himself the heavy-weight champion.

* * *

Peter Jackson was interviewed on the subject and displayed a tendency to treat the Cooler's offer in the light of a joke; but, as money talks, the British public will soon ascertain who is doing the joking and which one of the pair means fight. Craig's financial friend says: "Peter Jackson labours under the impression that the Coffee Cooler is aspiring too high, but before many months we shall either drive Peter into the ring or else make him acknowledge that Craig is too good for him. He came to this country and posed as a much injuled man, and suggested scurrilous treatment at the hands of James Corbett. He issued a challenge stating that he would fight any good man because Corbett dared not take him on. Craig is a good man, and, what is more, he is practically the champion of England, and as such he will certainly insist upon Jackson giving him a hearing."

* * *

The Coffee Cooler appeared December 20, 21, and 22 at Gatti's Music Hall in Westminster Road, and at the Bedford Music Hall, in Camden Town, before crowded houses, and was given a warm welcome. On December 22 he was presented with a 50gs gold hunting case repeating stop watch and guard. The outside case bears the following inscription:—

Presented to
FRANK CRAIG
(The Coffee Cooler)
CHAMPION OF ENGLAND,
By
The Mirror of Life,
December 17, 1894.

* * *

CHAMPION CRAIG—THE COFFEE COOLER.

Written and composed by J. H. Woodhouse, and respectfully dedicated to Frank Craig, 11st 4lb Champion of the World.

I.

From boyhood I have travelled through
many a foreign clime,
I have seen all sorts and sizes of boxers in
my time,
I have witnessed fistiana in the old style and
the new,
I have seen good men and bad ones, and so
have some of you.
But have you seen the Coffee Cooler, stylish,
trim, and neat.
Whose blows are like electric shocks, when
dealing out defeat.
O'Brien's sturdy conqueror from Yankee-
land came o'er,
Like all good men he's welcome to Old Eng-
land's happy shore.

Chorus—

He's a good 'un and we like him, at the Eden
Palace he
Has scattered British boxers like a plague,
He's well behaved and clever, may he stay
with us for ever,
Champion of the middle-weights is Coffee
Cooler Craig.

II.

Don't fancy John O'Brien was a poor hand
at the game,
His vict'ries over clever men had won him
fistic fame;
Throughout the length and breadth of Wales
they swore by him, you bet,
Altho' defeated, not disgraced, his friends
admire him yet.
And well they might, for pluckily he fought,
like Britons do,
He struggled very gamely 'gainst a better
man, 'tis true;
The future will record, I'm sure, the Cooler's
sterling worth,
I would not like the task to find his equal
on the earth.

III.

His early boyhood struggles he relates with
glowing pride,
Reverses he has met with he has never once
denied;
His singing is the quaintest, fit to make a
parson roar,
His dancing fairly takes the blooming bakery,
I'm sure;
He's got a small mouth organ; could you
hear it, what a treat!
The tunes he plays are various, but oh, sub-
limely sweet.
Famed Donovan must, I'm sure, feel justly
proud of him,
Whose fistic star for years, I hope, will never
once grow dim.

The above song was written by J. H. Woodhouse, after an introduction to the celebrated Frank Craig by the editor of The Mirror of Life, when the Cooler entertained Will Sergeant, John Higgins, champion jumper, and a number of good sports, October 17, 1894.

* * *

"Where are the friends of my youth?" As well might we ask where are the original promoters of the Social Club, Kennington. Where are Messrs. Izzy Abrahams and Phillips of the long ago? Echo answers, where?

It was in the early days of the Social when we first made its acquaintance. Then these places of entertainment were not considered complete without our presence. But, as the readers of this know, clubs are private not public shows, and adverse criticism is not usually received with toleration.

The ring of the Social is pitched at the top of the building where necessarily the ceiling is at a low pitch. The spectators at the Social are usually more select than numerous, for space up aloft has to be economised.

However, on Tuesday evening the talent crowded the roof to see the match for the light-weight championship between Arthur Valentine and Ginger Stewart. There were three contests set down for decision before the big event of the evening, the first between that promising young boxer W. Hullett and B. Urse. All through the six rounds Hullett showed his superiority. Fred Terry also proved too much, in a six-round contest, for Alf Greer, and B. Crawley, of St. Luke's, beat J. Heasman, of Lambeth, after an extra

Then came the ten-round contest between Valentine and Ginger Stewart.

Valentine, who was made a red-hot favourite, owing to his previous record, seemed hardly to have recovered from the effects of late hours and recent illness. Husbanding his strength, he allowed Stewart to do all the fighting, which "Ginger" did in the most approved "ruffianing" manner.

Rushing his man all over the ring, Valentine, with the least possible exertion, ducked and dodged from well-intended hits, until finding "Ginger" exhausted with his efforts he put in one now and then. "Ginger" was too anxious, and in his anxiety he missed several chances. Stewart was a bit disconcerted by finding it was a Valentine crowd, but, nevertheless, in the third round he managed to send the favourite to the boards. Now was seen the advantage of good time-keeping. Eight seconds were counted, and then Valentine was just able to rise.

In his anxiety "Ginger" missed his great chance, and Valentine, rapidly recovering from the effects of his head striking the boards, punched away without getting a return. Subsequently in a rally Valentine brought the right across to the desired spot, and Stewart remaining on the ground over the stipulated number of seconds, was counted out and beaten.

* * *

The vagaries of the public are strange—especially as regards boxing. In the preliminary bouts of the competitions at the German Gymnasium, the Turnhalle, in St. Pancras Road, was packed like a box of herrings; but on the second occasion, when the survival of the fittest gave every indication of a first-class night's sport, the public were conspicuous by their absence. Perhaps the Christmas festivities may have had something to do with this result; and a contemplation of the shops with their choice display of Christmas fare proved more attractive and cheaper than a boxing display.

However, there being plenty of room and to spare for the public, there was a good deal less "side" on the part of the officials. The gentlemen who took money on the first occasion as long as they could (as it was only once a year), and when no more money was forthcoming would have allowed the newspaper man to squeeze in, were on the second night of the display a little less 'orty. Whether they were afraid that the cold scran to which all are invited might be left on their hands we know not; but as on the first night the editor of the *Times* would not have been allowed into the Turnhalle without a ticket, on the second day they would have made much of the editor of the *St. Pancras Gazette*, such is the difference between a good gate and a bad one.

The most noticeable bouts in the competition were, firstly, the unearthing in the feather-weights of a wonderfully clever sparrer in W. Harvey, of the Clarence B.C., who, should he develop into a professional as most of these champions eventually do, will make it warm for anybody near his weight; the stand made by little Pike in the Bantams against a man much his superior in weight; the success of Vanderhout in the light-weights, who bore out the adage that everything comes to him who knows how to wait; and the winning of the heavy-weights by L. Barnard (Belsize).

Now this last-named gentleman adopted tactics in his encounter with Hensley—tactics which caused him to be hissed—the same as adopted with the Cooler on the night that he met L. Barnard at the Belsize. It shows what a supreme contempt the backers of the Cooler must have had for the prowess of Pritchard to pit the coloured gentleman against such a ruffian fighter only a few days before the Cooler's fight for a big money stake.

And don't let our readers believe that Barnard spared the Cooler. Nothing of the kind. He kept Mr. Craig busy the whole of the journey, and he has to thank the forbearance of the Cooler, if not his own impetuosity, that no unpleasant results occurred to mar the joys of the Belsize fixture.

* * *

"If a man has got no money,
To make him pay some would be very funny."

So runs the old wheeze. Therefore we do not think the *generous* offer of Mr. Frank Hinde to put the Central Hall at the service of the Children's Dinner Fund for a matinée has met with the success it deserved. Of course, if the promoter has nothing to give after exes are paid, why the Fund must take the will for the deed.

* * *

It was said of "Good Queen Bess," "to flatter her charms was the only way to her favour and esteem." Now in these modern days we do otherwise. "Greasing the palm" is the only way to favour if not to esteem. Good men, professionals in the world of sport, who are self-respecting, do not care about giving a heavy per centage on their probable earnings to some go-between, and thus it is that wasters more often than quality are so much in evidence at our big shows.

* * *

The other day, when strolling down St. Martin's Lane, we noticed a house in process of demolition, and an announcement [illegible] recorded by Ben Caunt."

Ben Caunt! What a vista of the past did that name conjure up. Once more we were

in the old bar, and once more up the circular staircase overlooking the bar, which led into the old boxing-room, where so many fistic heroes of the past congregated, and where so many matches were made.

We see old Ben as he used to sit in the parlour of the bar overlooking the street, his huge form adorned in the full-frilled shirt of the period, in which was usually inserted an emerald brooch.

Ben Caunt was hospitality personified. All the scrappers had free commons at Ben's. No one was turned away hungry. It was in the taproom at Ben Caunt's that little Tom Maley, once light-weight champion, died. He was sitting in a chair, when he suddenly uttered the exclamation, "Oh!" and all was over. As he had only just previously declared that he had not a mag, it was a surprise, when the rule was run over the clothes of the dead champion, to find that Tom had a snug hoard of about £25 neatly tied up in a rag.

It was at Ben Caunt's one evening that a dirty, draggletailed woman came into the bar, and exclaimed: "Give me half-a-pint of four ale! I'm Tom Sayers's wife." Jack Sayers, the brother of Tom, being in the sparring-room upstairs, someone said, "There's a woman down at the bar who says she is Tom's wife."

"Is there?" said Jack; "then I will go and see her." Sliding down the circular staircase which overlooked the bar, Jack gazed at the forlorn creature beneath, and hastily returned to the boxing-room overhead. "By God, she's right; she is Tom's wife!" exclaimed Jack; "and low enough she's fallen."

It is very strange, but it is nevertheless true, that when Tom Sayers died the money collected by the Stock Exchange after his fight with Heenan (some £3,000), which was invested for Tom's children, went to this same draggletailed woman.

Unfortunately for the children, a boy and a girl, Tom had failed to procure a divorce on account of his first wife's transgressions, before he took up with a second. As they (the children) were declared illegitimate, they consequently could not benefit under the will, and the money was handed over to the dissolute wife, who, with her bad companions, soon made ducks and drakes of the little fortune.

The two children, however, managed to thrive in spite of their misfortune. The girl Sarah (we believe) married a respectable tradesman, while the boy Tom became a good class music-hall comedian, illustrating the deeds of his father on the stage. Eventually the lad went to the Antipodes, where we did hear that he had married an heiress. We hope he has.

* * *

We could fill a volum[e] conjured up by a refe[ree] When a journey [illegible] one described b[y] "American Note[s]

1847 to second his brother Bob (only recently working at his trade of carpenter at Hucknell Torkard) in his fight with Yankee Sullivan.

The fight took place on May 11, 1847, near the Blue Ridge Mountains: but Bob was no match for Yankee Sullivan (one of the best pugilists at his weight), and in a very short space of time (seven rounds, lasting twelve minutes) Bob had to cry a go. We believe Bob Caunt after this defeat retired from the prize ring.

Ben Caunt's most serious losses, those that grieved him more than all his ring reverses, were the deaths of his six children, who perished in the fire which took place at the Coach and Horses early in the fifties; and strange to say, his only surviving child, a son (a very fine young man), shortly after Ben's death was thrown out of a trap on to a heap of stones, and died from concussion of the brain.

Ben, who stood over 6ft. in height and weighed nearly 15st., was almost too powerful an adversary for his foes to tackle, and if they did win it was mostly the result of a foul, notably in the cases of Bendigo and Nick Ward, when Caunt, losing his temper, struck these men, after their repeated dropping, when on the ground.

Late in life, over a family grievance, Ben Caunt met the late Nat Langham within the magic circle, but it would have been better had such meeting never taken place. Ben died at the Coach and Horses early in the sixties, regretted (to use the old phrase) by all who knew him.

* * *

A GREAT number of pugilists have hailed from Ireland, being members of that

DAN DONNELLY.

whisky-drinking and fighting race, many of them scoring championships in the English prize ring, but none ever won such fame as Daniel Donnelly, the Irish champion.

Stirring ballads have been written concerning the heroes of the prize ring, but we question whether any have ever had such deathless fame as that which records the fight between Donnelly and Cooper on the Curragh of Kildare. Dan was a carpenter by trade, and a compatriot has written of him:

"To shape to his work he would never refuse,
In right hand and left he the mallet could use,
Length and distance could measure without line or rule,
And at *footing* was famous without any tool."

Although pugilistic in his tendencies from infancy, it was not until Dan was twenty-six years of age that he stripped to fight in the magic circle. His opponent was one Tom Hall, who, being in Dublin, had challenged the Irish champion.

The fight took place on the Curragh of Kildare, and caused an immense sensation among the Patlanders. It is computed that not less than 40,000 persons were present, and their champion was worthy of such a body of spectators.

Over 6ft. in height, over 14st. in weight, his arms were long and sinewy, and his shoulders a picture, well formed, with muscles showing like steel when brought into play beneath the white skin. His neck was worthy of his trunk, and his face, of true Milesian type, looked as if it could endure any amount of punishment.

Never in the history of the British prize ring have mauleys been put up as large as Dan's. Hall was just about as much use to Dan as Pritchard in a recent modern battle to the Cooler, and it was when opposed to George Cooper, a man of incomparable science and the conqueror of Molineaux (the black), that the ballad spoken of above was written and Ireland went mad over her champion—the winner.

When Dan arrived in England his fame had preceded him, and a private theatre in Catherine Street, afterwards Mother Jessop's, and now the *Echo* office, was hired for Dan's exhibitions. It was then that Donnelly issued his challenge to the whole boxing world.

This challenge was taken up by Tom Oliver, then at the top niche in the ladder of the Fancy, and the match made at an obscure pub in Clare Market, not as now at a palatial Club. Dan, who loved the pleasures of the table, during his training denied himself little, and would wash his food down with copious draughts of the "orathur." He was like a schoolboy crazy for the holidays, always wishing that it was to-morrow the event was coming off.

As much as £100,000 (one hundred thousand pounds) changed hands over this fight. In the twenty-fourth round Oliver was knocked senseless by the ponderous fists of the Irishman.

The Prince Regent, who had betted heavily on Dan, sent for him to the Pavilion, Brighton. On his arrival the Prince, in a moment of bibulous hilarity, knighted the pugilistic champion, and he arose *Sir* Dan Donnelly, the first and last pugilist who was ever knighted by Royalty.

His triumphant re-entry into Dublin after his English victories was a similar ovation to that accorded to Sullivan when he arrived in this country a few years ago.

The undertaker eventually *boxes* the best of champions, and one day when *Sir* Dan had taken thirty-seven glasses of whiskey he took a copious draught of water, which brought on colic, from which Dan expired in his thirty-fourth year. Sixty thousand persons followed Dan to the grave, and there was a fight as to who should have the honour of drawing the hearse to the cemetery.

* * *

ANOTHER Irishman who came over from the Emerald Isle was Ned O'Baldwin, the Irish giant. Ned was a very different specimen of a man to the great *Sir* Dan—a long, lathy fellow, who stood 6ft 6in in his boots. He crossed the "salt say" from Waterford, his native city, in a cattle boat as a harvest man. The great O' happened to be strolling in the neighbourhood of Jesse Hatton's booth when he attracted the attention of the Kentish champion, who eventually found the money for his fight with that English yeoman Andrew Marsden, and it was the triumph of beef over praties.

Travelling with Bob Webb's booth, where we have often seen the great O' standing outside in company with Bill Barry, Denny Sullivan, the Black Diamond, and others, O'Baldwin filled out, and, eventually learning all the tricks of the sparring booth, developed both science and muscle.

Matched against Iles, the green of old Ireland was most conspicuously displayed wherever O'Baldwin could plant a bit of green riband. It was a triumph for Ireland, for Iles was beaten, and so shortly afterwards was Andrew Marsden in a second encounter.

Eventually matched against Jem Mace, the match ended in a fiasco. In the days of old a match made, say, for £200, often meant backers standing in to the tune of perhaps £2,000. And Jack Coney, who had found the money for Mace, had drawn so much from friends on his account that, fearing if Mace won, which was most likely, he would have to pay, he put big Inspector Silverton (well known in the Haymarket in the old days) on to Mace just as he had removed him, as he said, for security to a lonely cottage.

O'Baldwin eventually journeyed to the States, where, like Joe Wormald, Jemmy Massey, Aaron Jones, Yankee Sullivan, and sundry other British pugilists, he met

O'BALDWIN

his death. Ned deserted the paths of rectitude and took to keeping a gambling saloon, where, quarrelling with his pard, Ned received a bullet in the abdomen, from which he died in great agony in the early seventies.

* * *

A. E. CADWALLADER writes from Treharris to say that he will fight any man in England at 8st, give or take 5lb, Willie Smith or T. P. Palmer preferred. He says that he is a winner of several fights, and his record is a good one. The contest to be the best of ten rounds, for £25 or £50 a-side, the match to come off in February.

* * *

CHARLEY BLACKBURN, of Seaforth, and Harry Brown (black), of Liverpool, signed articles last week to box the best of fifteen rounds, 4oz gloves, for £5 a-side and the largest purse offered. To box in four weeks from December 18.

* * *

At the Ormonde Club at Epsom last week, in addition to exhibition boxing, some exciting contests were fought. In a four-round contest, J. Blake, of Worcester Park, beat H. Thomas, of Epsom; in a three-round contest, E. Townsend, of Islington, beat J. Webster, Holloway; and in a ten-round contest, A. Allaway, of Islington, beat J. Newman, of Highbury.

* * *

HOLLOWAY was alive last week to the fact that a 9st competition was being promoted at the baths, and this, in addition to an eight-round contest, caused a bit of a stir in that part of Merrie Islington. Jewey Cooke, a lad who will in the future be heard of to some advantage, won the competition, and in the eight-round contest between Fatty Lake and Bedwell, both of Islington, Bedwell received a blow on the point and was counted out.

Bermondsey also was *en fête* last week in the matter of boxing competitions, in which the midget class figured to some advantage. We suppose quality and size are not always to be found together, for really artistic sparring the palm must be given to the midget class. So Bill Lea inaugurated for his patrons a 6st 6lb and a 7st 2lb competition, with the result that the final of the former was contested by Nobby Golden, Hoxton, and Ted Fitzgerald, Bermondsey, the former, Golden, securing the verdict. In the 7st 2lb competition Barney Ashley, Borough, beat Harry Greater, Bermondsey.

* * *

AT Alf Standbrook's benefit, which we are sorry to say was very poorly attended, Alf being ill, Charley Mitchell appeared in company with his father-in-law. Among the items of the entertainment the M.C. introduced Pony Moore, Pritchard, and Charley Mitchell. Charley thereupon spoke to the audience on behalf of Pritchard, and said he would back him for £200 of his own money, the fight to take place in private.

* * *

ANOTHER incident of the evening was that Ted Rich was down to box with Dido Plumb, but the latter not turning up Ted Cain stepped into the breach, and sparred three exhibition rounds. Rich certainly did not spar in the light style usually associated with exhibition boxing, and when some of the audience spoke of the way Dido Plum would have behaved, Rich evidently lost his temper, and walking to the footlights was his own "mouthpiece," and stated that he would fight Plumb or anyone else.

* * *

BRUMMY MEADOWS, whom we met in Fleet Street on Thursday, had hardly then recovered from a very gruesome job, and that was the identification of Ben Fuller, the sensational jumper of the Aquarium, who recently jumped from the Tower Bridge.

From Brummy's account Fuller must have dislocated his neck by his violent collision with the water, caused by his jump from that immense height (200ft.). The blood had congealed round the neck to such an extent that the lower portion of the unfortunate jumper's head resembled nothing so much as a piece of uncooked liver.

* * *

AMERICA is immensely ahead of the old country in many things—especially in her verdicts. In the case of the light-weight, Andy Bowen, who died from injuries received in his fight with George Lavigne, the coroner's jury returned a verdict that the deceased boxer had died from concussion of the brain consequent on the neglect on the part of the club to pad the floor of the ring.

* * *

MR. JAMES LOWES, of Newcastle, had a merry little boxing meeting at his gymnasium on Wednesday, when McGeary and Callaghan met to box fifteen rounds at 10st 4lb. In the ninth round, however, McGeary was unable to respond to the call of time, and Callaghan was declared the winner.

* * *

CON DONOVAN on Wednesday had one of his special nights, which consisted of a twelve-round and two six-round contests. The twelve-round contest between Barratt, of Wapping, and Bonehill, of Southwark, was won by Barratt: the first six-round contest between two Billingsgate lads, Dashwood and Tyler, was won by Dashwood; the second six-round contest, between Holden and Brown, was won by Holden.

* * *

TABLE rapping has been used for many purposes, but the merit belongs to some of our Antipodean cousins of using messages from the spirit world for the purpose of spotting winners. Mr. O'Sullivan asked for the winner of the Melbourne Cup. He read the list of entries from a newspaper, and the table tilted at the name Patron. Several times the list was called with the same result.

The story being noised abroad, there was a rush by Mr. O'Sullivan's friends on Patron, which won the Melbourne Cup, and also a nice stake. Mr. O'Sullivan, we presume, is a Roman Catholic, and one of the articles of his creed stipulates as damnable the inquiring after things to come by fortune telling and superstitious practices.

* * *

OUR American cousins are saying all sorts of unpolite things concerning our pugilistic light-weight Stanton Abbott. Instead of returning with the proverbial gold we are very much afraid he will return covered with the proverbial pitch. Here are a few of the remarks made concerning him t'other side of the water: "Stanton Abbott after all," writes Johnny Eckhardt in the *Recorder*, "appears to be a poor imitation of a champion, and how he ever secured the light-weight championship of England is one of the mysteries of the age. Some of the wise ones say that the Englishman got into the business by the aid of a pair of rubber shoes and a dark lantern, while others are equally positive that he soaked his predecessors with a piece of lead pipe when his back was turned, and thus proclaimed himself champion.

"There are a lot of other people who hold the same opinion of Abbott, and anyone who may take the trouble to look up Abbott's performances on the other side will find that his record is very poor. Bill and Sam Baxter, Hyams, Denny, Wilson, Osborne, Mead, Edwin, and others have whipped him, while Fred Johnson, who was so handily disposed of by little George Dixon, won over Abbott in four rounds. It took him a dozen rounds to dispose of Billy Willis, whipped in a three-round try-out by Dixon. The best thing he ever did on the other side was his defeat of Sam Baxter in eighteen rounds.

"Certainly Abbott has done nothing particularly creditable in this country. The largest thing on his list is a decision over Billy Myer in Boston in fifteen rounds, but all who saw the affair considered it questionable judgment. Of late the Philadelphia trial horses and others have uniformly beated him. No, Abbott won't do for a champion."

* * *

THE following paragraphs are among the latest items of pugilistic news from the land of the stars and stripes:—

Young Griffo was nearly knocked out for life the other night in Philadelphia. Griffo, after sparring with the Kentucky Rosebud, stepped into a bar-room to have a drink. While drinking, a seedy-looking individual dropped some "knock-out" drops in his beer. It took a doctor two hours to bring the Australian to.

Over a year ago Harry McCoy and Billy Layton fought a six-round fight, McCoy winning easily. The stakes were said to be 2,000 dols., and deposited in a Burlington bank. A large audience paid five dollars each for admission, and the general opinion was that a square fight had been witnessed. McCoy, the victor, failed to call at the bank for his money, and the officials, thinking it strange, decided to open the package, and found, much to their surprise, that it contained nothing but tissue paper.

* * *

ON Thursday we came across old Joe Rowe in the Euston Road. The old chap since his release from durance has grown a beard, and, if not exactly patriarchal, he is scarcely recognisable. He said he was all right and hearty, and glad to eat his Christmas dinner out of "stir."

Apropos of Joe Rowe's recent imprisonment, which we should not mention were it not a matter of history, we have to relate a story which shows that there are beings who prey upon the misfortunes of their kind, and make capital out of their misery. While old Joe was doing "stir" one of these base creatures called upon Joe's missus, and stating that he was a "screw," and could do for old Joe what he had done for another unfortunate pug. when in trouble in the matter of a little more "toke" than is usually served, he managed to capture a couple of pieces of gold.

Of course, it is needless to say that this "screw" or turnkey's situation only existed in the fact of the two pieces of gold, but we would warn the friends of those in "trouble" not to give heed to the voice of the charmer wooes he ever so wisely.

* * *

"HOPPY"—wild horses would not draw from us again his right monniker—having proved that he is a man of valiant deeds, and that his advertised record is a correct one, we take this opportunity of testifying to the fact. As "Hoppy" truly says, he has served his Queen and country in various situations.

* * *

PETER JACKSON took the chair on Saturday evening at the Supper Club, proprietored by our old friend "Dolaro," otherwise Ike Belasco, or, as pronounced in the days of long ago, B'lasco.

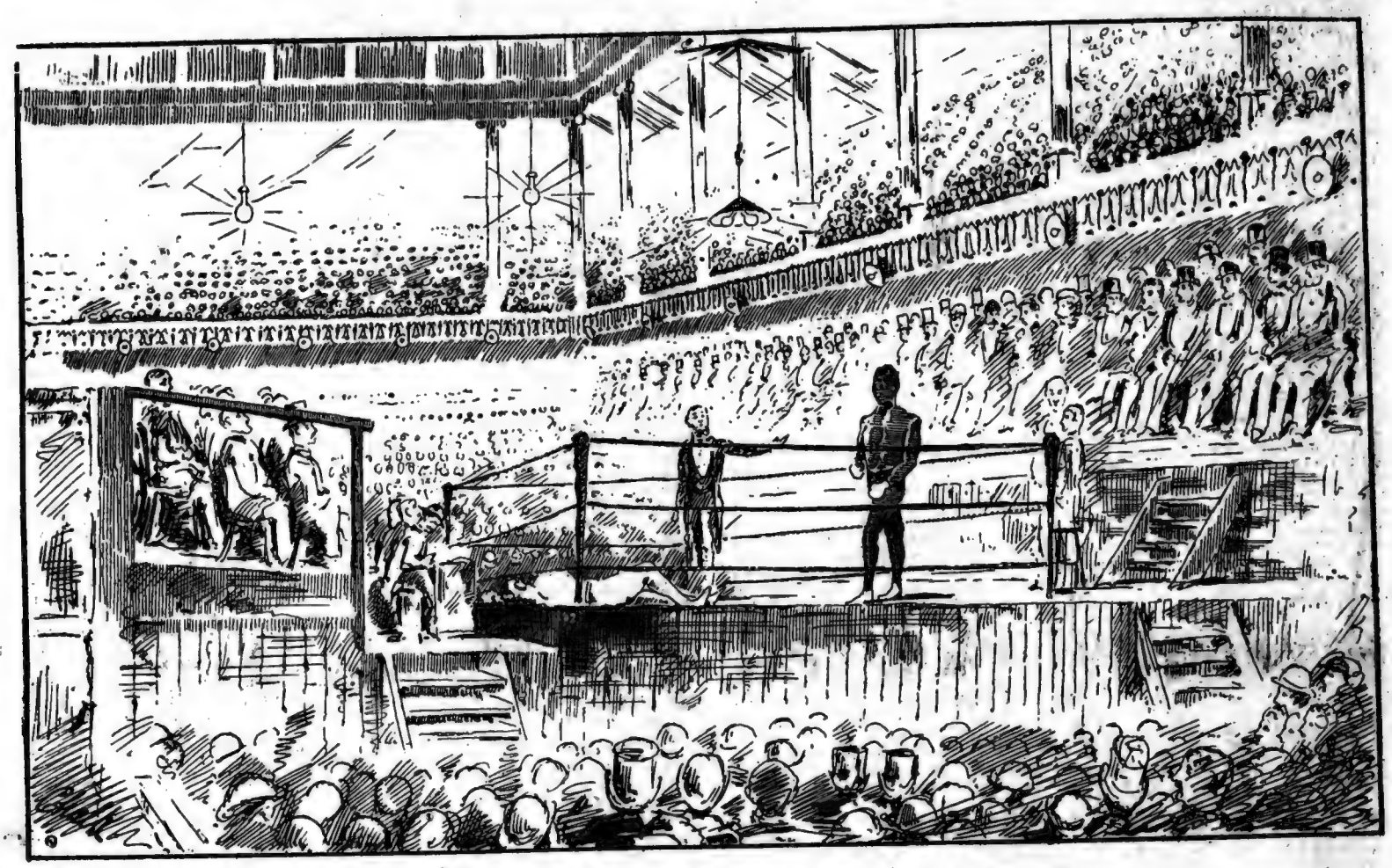
Strange these B'lascos do not care about the old "monniker." We believe there was David, Ike, Joe, and Sam. David, as David James, made a fortune out of "Our Boys"; but when he died, with the exception of a hundred which he left to "big Joe," his family did not benefit to the extent of a new hat.

The late David James had a great amount of veneration for his uncle Aby Belasco, the celebrated pugilist who fought Jack Randall and other good men, and, to use the boxers' vernacular, "beat more than beat 'im."

We remember David some six or seven years ago going to a sporting print shop situated in Holywell Street, and buying the portrait of "Uncle Aby" on the strict q.t. We imagine there is little difference between the two stages of life—the boxing stage and the theatrical one.

It is about five years since Slavin and Peter Jackson supped together at the

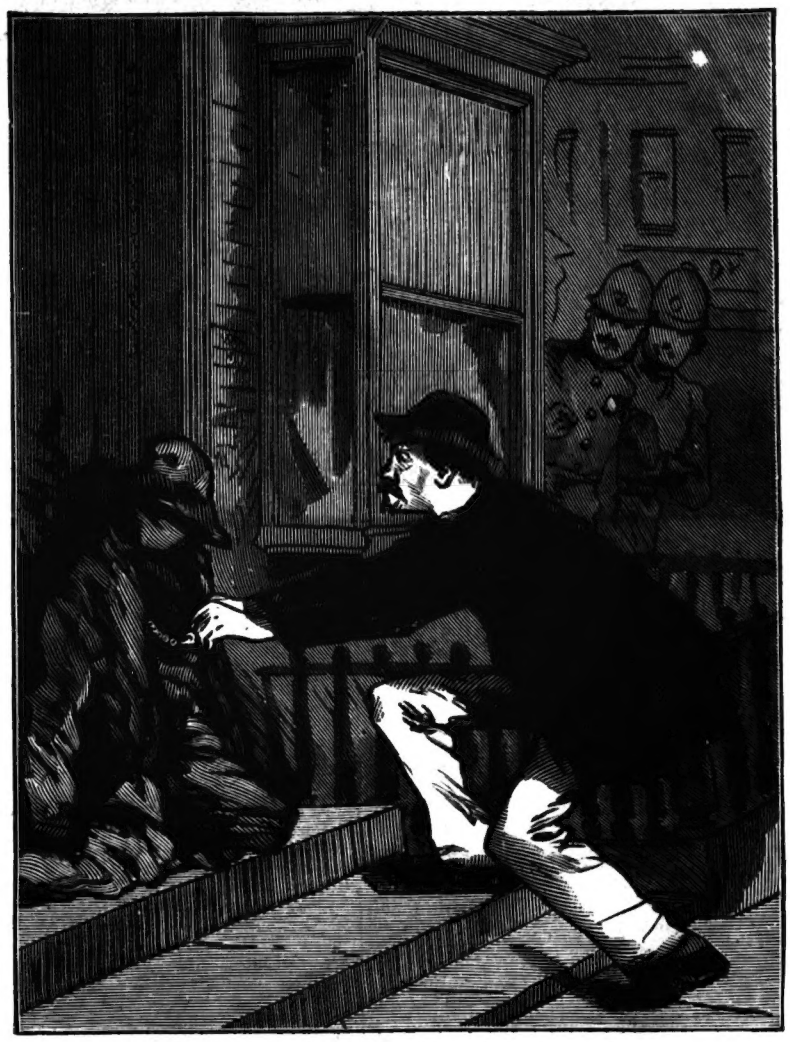
(*Continued on page* 14.)



FRANK CRAIG, THE COFFEE COOLER, A CHAMPION.
The Unexpected Termination of the Great International Championship Glove Fight.

LECTURED UPON DEVELOPMENT.
A Lecture as Was a Lecture.

OBJECTED TO QUICK SHAVING.
An Aspirant to Honours as a Rapid Shaver Meets with a Tough Customer.



AN OLD OFFENDER CAPTURED.
A Clever Trick Perpetrated upon a Lag who has Served Many Terms.

COULDN'T TOLERATE STREET MUSICIANS.
A Publican's Method of Dispersing a Band who Played Objectionable Music.

ROUND THE RING.

(*Continued from page* 11.)

Supper Club. That was before their meeting at the National. The two champions were then right royally entertained by Ike. That was in the days of old, before Ike was visited by the exciseman.

* * *

WE notice that the ancient porter of the Supper Club is now doing duty for Joe Pfahl at the old Pelican Club, in Gerrard Street.

What has become of Bill Goode's well-appointed boxing saloon in that quarter?

* * *

SIX lads, good and true, turned up at the Goodwin Club on Thursday evening to contend for a handsome 8st belt given by the brothers Andrews, known by the euphonious prefixes of "Wag" and "Pork." After Alf Greer, whose portrait recently adorned THE MIRROR OF LIFE, had successively defeated Bill Dexter of Nottingham, Jim Seymour of Shoreditch, and Bob Hampson of Crouch End, he was awarded the "handsome" belt, which we hope he will be able to keep under a glass case for years to come, and then hand down to his descendants to bear testimony to his (Greer's) competency in the noble art of self-defence.

* * *

JIM HALL'S days as a factor in the fistic situation of the present are probably over. Private reports from Detroit are to the effect that Hall is in a demoralised condition, and that it does not seem probable that he can ever again be brought up to a state to stand hard training. It is claimed that Hall was in his cups the night set for his limited-round about with "Yank" Kennedy in Detroit recently.

The other day we spoke about men becoming notorious, if not famous, through means of a horse, a dog, or a man. Noting the dispute over the song of "Daisy Bell" and the name of the fair litigant, we are reminded of asking the name of a gentleman in the company of a celebrity. "Oh," replied our informant, "he is the husband of 'Daisy Bell.'" (This is not the name.) This was the gentleman's only claim to fame.

* * *

THE other evening at the Empire Theatre, a gentleman picked up what he took to be a half sovereign. As he had never picked up a coin of so much value before, he thought he would celebrate the occasion by asking his friends to drink. The drinks (so we were informed by this gentleman) came to seven and sixpence, and his mortification was great when he discovered that his supposed half-sovereign find was only a bright farthing.

* * *

WE were once present at old Brompton Running Grounds when "Croppy" Small (he may read this) was being run a trial by old Bill Price, the then sphinx of the pedestrian world. Now, in the old days of training it was chop and steak, and by way of variety another chop and steak, and "Croppy," who had been in old Bill's stables on this regimen for some time, remarked to us when his gaffer had turned his back to verify the distance: "Wouldn't I like to fist a bit o' bread and cheese!"

Readers may ask what this has to do with the Central Hall. Well, the analogy is this: The promoter of these contests at this hall has every day the chop and steak in the shape of lavish praise from the Press. Instead of getting tired of the one fare, like old Croppy Small, and sighing for the bread and cheese, or variety in the shape of adverse criticism, he careth not if the praise, like the brook, "flows on for ever."

Well, we put on our optimistic spectacles on Thursday evening, and we went to the hall with every desire to be pleased, expecting to see good boxing and a good house. We found, however, that the championship of the Midlands is not the championship of England, and that nervous persons did not run out of the "Central" on Thursday as they did last Monday evening, prior to the Pritchard-Cooler match, fearful that the supports of the gallery would give way and bury the immense body of gods, like Samson did the Philistines, beneath the ruins.

After Tim Sullivan, for the honour of Drury Lane, had defeated Bermondsey, in the shape of Alf Garrett, and Lock had defeated Josephs, a four-round trial ensued between Wood and Phillips, and then ensued the big event of the evening.

It was pretty patent among the cognoscenti that in the match between Gough and Bickerton, Gough, the younger man, would eventually prove the winner; and this was soon demonstrated in the early rounds of the contest. It was patent to the merest tyro that unless Bickerton could knock out Gough, the latter must win on points.

The damnable iteration so often seen in boxing was here present during the whole of the fifteen rounds fought, and many of the spectators were relieved when the foregone conclusion was eventually realised and Gough proclaimed the winner.

We hardly know which is the most satisfactory ending to a contest, a decisive blow, as in the Pritchard-Cooler contest, or a long, profitless, and interminable struggle, in which the winner, bar accident, is seen from the very outset.

* * *

THE match between Fitzsimmons and Corbett still pursues its merry way. Fitz has half the stake money deposited, while Corbett has made good the whole of the stake, thus showing his earnestness in his meeting with Fitzsimmons, if not, as has been stated, with Peter Jackson.

* * *

THE meeting at Bob Habbijam's last week was remarkable for the success of Arthur Wilkinson, the Islington fish frier, over Walter Butler, of the West-end. Now, Walter is a lad who works, and, having a newsagent's and tobacconist's shop, he has advertised his boxing proclivities on his 'bacca paper: "Walter Butler, Tobacconist, Newsagent, and Champion Boxer." Having no doubt ordered some thousands of these papers, he may no doubt retrieve his lost laurels before he orders in his new supply.

* * *

WE are sorry to record the fact that one of the most promising and unassuming of the boxing brigade of Smiths—no other than the lad, Steve Smith, of Wood Green—intimates to us that he intends to bid good-bye to the profession. Steve Smith's recent performances with such good men as Ted Ware, of Mile End, and Arthur Callan, of Wood Green, stamp him as a lad of mettle never dismayed by size or quality. We are happy to say that Steve is the son of parents in a good position in life, and heir to the family money bag, which rumour sayeth is worth some thousands of pounds.

SOUSED HIS PAL.

A Chemist who got his Revenge on a Clerk.

(*Subject of Illustration.*)

A CLERK of our acquaintance, who is not over particular as to what he consumes in the way of sundry drinks at other people's expense, unfortunately found himself when starting for the City on Wednesday last in a shaky condition. This deplorable state was no new thing to him. "Ha!" said he; "you wait until I have had my 'pick-me-up.' I shall be another man then," and his better nature at the thought of his restoration to propriety led him to invite us to try the same remedy. Not being in need of any process of the kind, we declined with thanks the proffered offer, but having to walk in the same direction our surprise and curiosity to see the change induced us to wait in the half-opened door of the chemist's shop in which our friend with husky voice was giving directions for his revival. A small glass of pink fluid was raised in his trembling fingers towards his parched lips, but before he could swallow the elixir the assistant quickly grasped a syphon of soda-water, and, with unerring aim, on touching the handle, caused the water to fly straight in the eye of the scribe, who with a yell dropped the precious life saver he was about to swallow, and performed antics like a half-drowned monkey, to the evident satisfaction of the pill-mixer, who said he had done it in revenge for an insult the night previous.

CABBY AND HIS FARE.

RICHARD DALE, cabman, of Sugden Street, Camberwell, is not addicted to psychological emotions; but he candidly told Mr. Sheil, the magistrate at Westminster, that anyone might have knocked him from his seat with a feather when he discovered how he had been tricked by Bertram Wheatley, a youth employed at a confectioner's in Charing Cross Road. The latter entered the dock of the court assiduously brushing with the sleeve of his coat a silk hat which bore some resemblance to a concertina, having been bashed, so he said, by the aforesaid cabman. Dale explained that the previous evening the young man hired him in the neighbourhood of Parliament Street to drive to Buckingham Gate—a very short distance. There he stopped the vehicle, and patronisingly said: "Cabby, it's a beastly bad night, take a couple of shillings out of half-a-sovereign, and give me the change." Dale took the coin tendered to him, and gave the prisoner 8s. in silver; but, as already explained, he almost fell off the cab when he found that he had been duped with a bright farthing. Never losing sight of Wheatley, who ran away as hard as he could, Dale followed him through street after street till he ran him down. Then the prisoner, assuming a most indignant tone, said: "Don't speak to me, fellow, in that manner. I'm a gentleman walking home from business and I never had a cab." The driver said something which made the runaway restore the exact coins which he bolted with. "Now," added the cabby, "pay me my fare." This does not seem to have been done owing to Wheatley having only fourpence and a few pawntickets in his possession, and the fugitive was then given into custody. On him were found two or three letters, which referred to "busking" on the sands of Hastings, leading to the presumption that he was not unacquainted with peripatetic negro minstrelsy, and also intimated his desire to join the legitimate drama. The magistrate committed him for trial, so that it now remains for him to prove to a jury that he only ran away for fun. The cabman will never forget that brass farthing.

WE regret to hear of the death of a Sussex cricketer in the person of George Thomas Humphreys, the elder brother of Walter Humphreys, the famous lob bowler now in Australia with Mr. Stoddart's team. Deceased expired suddenly on December 19 at Brighton, through breaking a blood-vessel. He was in his fiftieth year, having been born at the watering-place named on March 28, 1845. Humphreys was in his time a very fair cricketer, and besides being an excellent bat was a good long-stop and wicket-keeper, and, like his brother, a capital point. He first played at Lord's in a Colts match between North and South in 1869, and afterwards met with fair success in the Sussex eleven. In the early seventies he was engaged at Brighton College.

* * *

THE annual series of competitions of the German "Gym." was brought to a close December 20, when the wrestling contests were decided. In two of the weights there was only one entrant, who consequently had a walk over, while in the heavies one competitor had to retire, owing to an injury, and this further curtailed the proceedings. There was a very fair company present in the Turnhalle, these contests appealing to a large section of the older members. Messrs. F. Klein, of Kietzchmar, and J. W. MacQueen were the judges. Details:

FEATHER-WEIGHT WRESTLING (9st and under).

W. J. Curtels (late G.G.S.) w.o.

LIGHT-WEIGHT WRESTLING (10½st and under).

V. Cousins (G.G.S.) beat W. J. Curtels (late G.G.S.), by two falls to none.

P. Cousins (G.G.S.) beat T. B. Brett (Civil Service Volunteer S. of A.), by two falls to none.

Final Round.

V. Cousins beat P. Cousins, by two falls to none.

MIDDLE-WEIGHT WRESTLING (11½st and under).

O. Percy (Orion G.C.), w.o.

HEAVY-WEIGHT WRESTLING (any weight).

O. Percy (O.G.C.) beat R. Franzius (G.G.S.), the latter retiring hurt in the first hold.

G. E. Colomb (G.G.S.), a bye.

Final Round.

O. Percy beat G. E. Colomb, by two falls to none.

* * *

THE sculling match between Tom Sullivan and Wag Harding still continues to make merry progress. There is a good deal of time between this and the date of the match, February 11, 1895. Artemus Ward said, "Don't prophesy without you know," but in the dim and distant future, in this sculling match between the giant and the dwarf, we think the dwarf—otherwise the little man—will show the way.

* * *

WE often have to go abroad to obtain news about home; and now the news comes from New York concerning the three American crooks who were instrumental in cutting up Arthur Cockburn and Alf Saville, and whose case is known as that of the cutlass. We say three American crooks. It appears that the woman of the party—the wife of Frank Tarbo or Taylor—was a fit accomplice of the two males in all their nefarious crimes.

As we sat near the dock of the police court of Marylebone this woman came in, and so repulsive did she appear that we were not a little annoyed when she sat at our side, and it was only when she asked to see one of the prisoners that we became aware who the female was.

Besides those astute gentlemen Messrs. Cockburn and Saville, this precious trio had swindled one of the aristocracy—a younger son of one of our wealthiest dukes—out of £50,000. As for Mr. Sam Lewis, the famous money-lender, of Cork Street, it is reported that he is the victim who has suffered most. The stakes Messrs. Taylor and Woodward played for were something enormous, they not infrequently winning in one night £6,000 from one or other of their victims.

Neither Taylor nor Woodward as they stood in the dock at Marylebone Police Court had a very distinguished or aristocratic appearance. Their manner certainly could not have been in keeping with their appearance, or they never would have insinuated themselves into the good graces of their dupes.

In company with several gentlemen we, on the morning of the trial, crossed over to the solicitors from the Marylebone Police Court to view the weapons which it was supposed were used in the murderous affray.

They were two heavy brass-handled swords weighing about ten pounds each—one side a sharp sword and the other side a saw—weapons of the most horrible type, and described by a witness present as frontier swords.

* * *

EVER since Mr. Lorillard scooped the pool with Iroquois, it has been the desire of most wealthy American sportsmen to win one of our big races. Those big American sports, Messrs. Croker and Dwyer, will be here to see their colt run. The following is its description:—

"The Strathmore-Spinaway colt, who has been named Montauk, and who is entered in the English Derby, Mr. Croker and his friends think will make a phenomenal racehorse. Mr. Croker bought him at the Leigh and Rose sale, August 31, paying 6,000dols. for him. Eugene Leigh, a good judge of a yearling, prophesied that he would be the horse of the decade. He was then a big chesnut, a gangling fellow, very awkward in his movements and not particularly handsome.

Last September, with stake-weight up, Montauk was tried, and he amazed the trainers by covering half a mile in fifty seconds. The opinion of men who saw the trial was that Mr. Croker had a remarkable horse, and it is probably due in no small degree to the belief that he has a good horse to take with him that Mr. Croker is so eager to race in England next season.

A special dispatch to the *World* from Jacksonville, Fla., says:

"'A private telegram from Rockledge, Fla., where M. F. Dwyer, the New York Turfman, is spending the winter with his family, says that Mr. Dwyer declines to give a confirmation or a denial of the published report that he will run his horses in England next season. Some of those about him in Rockledge to whom he has talked confidentially have no hesitancy in saying, however, that such a move is probable.'

"If Mr. Croker and his partner make a success of their venture next season they will have plenty of company the following year, for the eyes of Eastern Turfmen are turned these days towards England. With unfavourable legislation here, it would take very little encouragement to send a score of owners across the water."

* * *

Jack Raymond writes to say, in reply to Evan Thomas's challenge to run an one-legged man: "I live at Pontypridd, but do not know him. I am backing Tom Marshman, known as Tom Cockles. We can meet at the Taff Vale Hotel, Pontypridd, or send the money to the office of THE MIRROR OF LIFE." Raymond also says he will back a one-legged man to run Thomas 100 yards for a fiver, provided Thomas will make a match for a high jump for the above amount.

* * *

CHIPPY had a field day at Windsor on Wednesday. He won seven hundred pounds—and he can do with it.

THE Cunard steamer Campania arrived at Queenstown on Thursday night. Her log showed she passed Sandy Hook Lightship at 9.25 a.m. on Saturday last, and arrived at Daunt's Rock Lightship, off Queenstown, at 11.18 p.m. on Thursday, making the passage in five days nine hours eighteen minutes, at an average speed of 21·79 knots per hour. Her day's runs, omitting the broken time of Saturday morning and Thursday afternoon, were 512, 507, 508, 510, 507. Her passage was forty minutes longer than that of the record of her sister ship, the Lucania, but the Campania's steaming was more even and regular. She experienced light to moderate westerly winds, with a high following sea on Thursday. The Campania brought the largest mail that ever left New York, and the transfer of 1,200 sacks (all but the Liverpool, Manchester, and Bradford portions) at Queenstown necessarily occupied considerable time, but nevertheless her London mails, counting from the time they were put on board at the wharf at New York until arrival at Euston Station, were delivered in six days six hours—twelve hours shorter than by any other route or steamer.

"MAUD says that Tom, Dick, and Harry all proposed to her at that Topbranch ball. She says she accepted one of them, but wouldn't tell which."

"It is easy enough to guess, though. She accepted the one that proposed first."

* * *

CONTRIBUTOR: "Good joke, isn't it? I thought you would be sure to print that one anyway."

Editor: "No, I'm sorry, but I can't use it."

Contributor: "Why, you laughed out loud yourself when you read it through just now."

Editor: "Yes, I was thinking how funny it was that anyone should see anything funny in such a thing as that."

* * *

TRAMP: "Can't I get the boss's ear for a minute?"

Husband: "I don't think you can get her ear, but I'm sure if you wait until she comes downstairs you can get a piece of her mind."

— That an American genius lately patented a new hanging apparatus, and it was put to a practical test the other morning at the gaol at Hartford, Connecticut, the victim being a man named Cronin, who had been found guilty of murder. The new machine is automatic. The execution took place shortly after midnight. As soon as the wretched Cronin stepped on the prepared trap his weight set the automatic machinery in motion and dropped the counter weight, which fell, jerking his body 15ft in the air. His neck was broken instantly. Unusual interest has been attracted to this execution, as a great many ministers have denounced the apparatus, which, they state, practically compels the criminal to be guilty of his own death, and which they declare the law has no right to permit.

* * *

— That at Glasgow J. Hill was remanded charged with fraud by representing himself as heir to a baronetcy and £30,000. Several people, it is alleged, believed his story and gave him money on credit.

* * *

— That with reference to the telegram received from Buenos Ayres, which stated that the Public Prosecutor at the High Court of Salta had determined to ask that severe punishment should be inflicted on Jabez Balfour in the forthcoming Klix case, Dalziel's representative learned from private sources that, in view of the serious heart trouble from which Balfour is suffering, it is considered improbable that he can live many months. It was possible that the jury might not see its way to falling in with the Public Prosecutor's views, and that no case for a conviction would be found. Should this occur Balfour would without further delay be handed over to the British authorities.

* * *

— That Mrs. Louisa Eleanor Leigh appealed for divorce on the ground of the desertion and misconduct of her husband, Richard Cecil Leigh, with Lady Meredyth, the wife of Sir Henry Meredyth, who had obtained a divorce by reason of his wife's adultery with Leigh. In March, 1894, Mrs. Leigh wrote to her husband asking him to return to her and to give up Lady Meredyth, but he refused. She then filed a petition for restitution of conjugal rights, and an order was made, but her husband had not obeyed it. The misconduct, said Mr. Deane, took place on board a yacht and also in America. A decree nisi with costs.

* * *

— That some very unusual statements were made in a case in which Ada Lilian Rice sought a decree of nullity of marriage from her husband, an elderly man who lives at Bristol. The petitioner made the acquaintance of her future husband in 1887, when she was sixteen years of age. She was a barmaid, and the respondent was a frequenter of the house. He paid her attentions, but she declined to accept them. Then he threatened her, and on one occasion produced a pistol, and said he would shoot her if she did not marry him. She tried to get away from him, but he followed her to Birmingham, and eventually she consented to go through a form of marriage, which she thought was not legal. She left him at once, and had never lived with him. A decree of nullity was granted.

* * *

— That Mrs. Eliza B. Reed, who is said to be known in social circles, instructed her solicitor in March last year to take proceedings against Dr. Lynn, conjurer and ventriloquist, for false pretences. After remand the prosecution was abandoned, and the doctor, instead of bringing an action for malicious prosecution, accepted a solatium of £100. He went to Dublin, but on his return (according to Mr. Germaine, in the London Sheriff's Court) he found that Mrs. Read had been going about stating that he was "the biggest liar and thief in London." Hence this action for slander. Witnesses were called to prove the utterance of the words, and plaintiff said he had in consequence lost a valuable engagement. Mr. Mear, for defendant, objected to the hearing of the case now, on the ground that the lady was not in her right mind. The Under Sheriff said that might be pleaded as some excuse, but could not bar plaintiff's claim. The jury found for plaintiff, and assessed the damages at 40s.

* * *

— That 'tis well to send Christmas cards and presents to our relatives at this precise period of the year, but 'tis larcenous to send them as a result of going to crowded West-end shops, and walking off with articles that have not been paid for. Two women were charged with this offence at Westminster Police Court, and were remanded, it being alleged against them that they had victimised a succession of shopkeepers, and that their thefts were committed and their booty carried off under the cover of their "golf-capes." A detective stated that in their rooms numerous articles were found, sufficient to stock a shop, and packets of Christmas cards, with envelopes ready for posting, which were addressed to poor relations and acquaintances elsewhere. It cannot be doubted that the crowds that go shopping about Christmas-time render this mode of pilfering difficult to detect, and acute temptation is thus cast in the way of the evilly disposed.

ROMANCE IN THE PRIZE RING.

ROMANCE of the Ring would be a very good title for some of the episodes which have happened to some of the heroes of the magic circle. That greatest of pugilists "The Game Chicken," who obtained his sobriquet because he was christened "Hen" —not "Henry"—Pearce, was the finest proportioned and the best scienced man who ever entered the ring. Standing about 5ft. 9in, his chest measurement was enormous, and his general physique in keeping. Of frank and manly features, it would have been thought he was just the man to secure the affection of a woman; but Ring chronology proves otherwise.

Pearce had defeated among innumerable others his old mentor (Belcher) twice, besides fighting a tremendous battle with Gully. He had rescued, at the hazard of his own life, a servant girl from a burning house at Bristol. Deeds heroic enough, it would be thought, to cause a wife's love to be most enduring.

In our prosaic days fair dames go mad about deeds of "derring do," and we have Jonathan Pipes, of the J division of Police, who held on to a burglar until his fingers were nearly chopped off, besieged by several wealthy ladies with offers of marriage; but with the bold pugilist it was different. His wife had no heart which glowed at the deeds of "The Game Chicken," she proved fickle and inconstant.

"Hen" was too game a man to punish a woman, but he sought the lordly hall of his wife's seducer. He did not take with him pistol, sword, or dagger; but only the weapons (manual ones) of self-defence. "Put up your hands," said "Hen" when he came face to face with the gay Lothario who had seduced his wife and wrecked "Hen's" happiness. Soon was seen what a pair of indignant hands could do, for he left the assailer of his honour a battered wreck, and with features that would no longer beguile the frail wife to neglect her vows: for they were beaten by the indignant "Hen" until not a vestige of humanity remained, and the Don Juan's features had been punched into a sanguinary pulp.

Poor "Hen"! He had thrashed the disturber of his connubial joys, whose wounds were only on the surface. The canker was at "The Game Chicken's" heart, and woman, perfidious woman, did what the strongest and the most scientific man could not accomplish—the bold boxer's heart was broken. Little over thirty years of age, in all the pride and glory of manhood, "Hen" Pearce faded almost imperceptibly away, and died on April 7, 1809, in his thirty-second year, less than four years after his fight with Jem Belcher. No endeavours could reconcile him to the wretched woman who had been the cause of his mental suffering and early death, but his exclamation was the same as that given by the bard:—

Oh, no, I'll have no more,
Let him who can,
Fancy that face
That fancies ev'ry man.

The next on our list who became a victim to the infidelity of his consort was no less a personage than Jack Martin, "The Master of the Rolls," this latter sobriquet being earned by his business of a baker, hot rolls being the especial product of the baker at an early hour in the early days of fancy bread and the Fancy. Those who delight in the deeds of the Fancy in the long ago will no doubt call to mind Martin's two terrific battles with the "prime Oirish boy," Jack Randall, on Crawley Downs, which each time resulted in the defeat of "The Master of the Rolls." A third battle was being arranged when, like poor Tom Bowling, Jack Randall went aloft.

It was some years after this that "Young Dutch Sam," having forfeited to Bishop Sharpe, and being somewhat under a cloud, was taken in hand by Jack Martin just in the same manner that Jem Mace was taken in hand by Bob Brettle many years after, and in the old taverns of the period proprietored by these pugs acted the part of "top yob" or "chucker out."

Jack Martin had a wife who was susceptible, and "Young Dutch Sam" was one of the most elegant men who ever lifted his hands in the Prize Ring. Result—the levanting of Mrs. Martin with the Dutchman. Burning for revenge, Jack Martin challenged "Dutch Sam," with the result that a match was made for £100 a-side; and the men met at Knowle Hill, in Berks. If there is such a thing as poetic justice, Jack Martin should have pounded the Dutchman to a jelly, but the gods ruled otherwise. Martin, fretting at the infidelity of his wife—and women can play you up when they like—lost his appetite, and could not train, consequently, "The Master of the Rolls" entered the ring a mere wreck compared to the man who had fought the two terrific combats with Jack Randall. We wish we could write that Jack Martin gave the Dutchman the hiding he deserved; but, troubled by no qualms of conscience, the Dutchman entered the ring in the perfection of condition, and faced his injured benefactor with the greatest nonchalance. Jack Martin fought as only a man can fight when nerved by terrible wrongs; but although his spirit was undaunted his flesh was hopelessly weak; and, after receiving a most awful mauling from the Dutchman, who never spared his gallant foe, reaped the reward of his treachery by seeing the sponge thrown up for his opponent, and Jack led out of the ring bruised and battered.

Still, there is a retributive justice, although men may prosper for a time. Dutch Sam died of decline, at the Old Drury Tavern, near Drury Lane Theatre, Catherine Street, now in course of demolition, of decline, November 4, 1843, while Martin lived to a good old age as proprietor of the Horns Tavern, Kennington, a village where Jack was born, eventually dying on August 14, 1868, at Eastbourne, in Sussex.

A third case we would mention is that of Alf Walker, who fought and defeated Joe Hoiles, "The Spider." This was Alf's greatest battle, and one which nearly resembled the result of the late Pritchard and Burge fight. Alf took his chance with "The Spider," and depended on one right-handed punch. Joe Hoiles was making rings round Alf, and walked about his man like a cooper round a cask. Having taken so many liberties Joe forgot his usual caution, and used his defensive weapon, his right. This was Alf's opportunity; he was first. His right went bang across, and poor little "Spider" fell forward prostrate on the ground, with all the fight knocked out of him; nor could his seconds bring him to, though they gnawed the ear off the little man.

After this fight Alf Walker embarked in business as a publican, and having a pretty and attractive wife, he was in a fair way of doing well. But such is the inconstancy and inconsistency of women, that she gave herself away not to a high-bred swell, but to the potman (a fourth-rate pugilist), who officiated at the pub (now a greengrocer's shop) in New Street, Cloth Fair, where the writer has often donned the mittens.

Alf, disgusted with the state of affairs, sold up and made tracks for the States. What has become of him we know not, but his nephew, the son of the famous Johnny Walker (they are both since dead), informed us some years ago that his uncle was doing well in the States as a bootmaker, a trade to which he was apprenticed in Compton Street, Clerkenwell, many years ago. We may add that the family name was Badman, and that "Johnny," the elder and more clever brother, obtained the sobriquet of Walker by saying, on one occasion when the alarm of "Police!" was given at one of his fights, "My name's Walker."

At some future time we will give anecdotes of Jemmy Shaw and others whose downfall was caused by woman.

ROBINSON BENTLEY.

A Lancashire Publican who is an Adept Cricketer.

(With Portrait.)

MR. ROBINSON BENTLEY, of the Swan Hotel, Colne, Lancashire, is a well-known sport, a good cricketer, and a personal friend of Lockwood. A prominent member of the fire brigade in this district, he also holds high honours as a Mason. Mr. Bentley is in that highly enviable position of being much liked by all with whom he comes in contact.

"You love another!" he hissed,
She was silent and abashed.
"Whom?" he demanded fiercely.
"Ma," she faltered.
It was as he feared. With a wild cry he fled for ever.

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"And we are all workers."
Did you see interview last week?

A KISS MADE HIS FORTUNE.

A KISS once played an important part in the life of the famous Belgian statesman, Frere-Orban, who is now seriously ill at his country place. In his youth the future minister was a poor student, bearing the simple name of Frere. He had great difficulty in earning enough money to keep him at the university till he was ready to pass his examination in the department of law.

The young man fell in love with a Fraulein Orban, the daughter of a wealthy and aristocratic family, who opposed his suit.

"If you pass your examination well to-morrow," said Fraulein Orban on the eve of the trial to her lover, "come to the theatre and to the box in which I shall be sitting with my parents."

"Will they allow me?" asked the student.

"I shall see to that," was the determined young woman's answer.

Frere was successful, and entered the box in the evening, happy but frightened. The pretty girl, as soon as he had crossed the threshold, stood up, rushed towards him before a word was spoken, and kissed him heartily on the lips. The astonished parents were soon informed of the significance of the kiss by the daughter. As many other people had seen the young girl's action, the parents decided to make the best of it, and accepted the young Frere as a son-in-law on condition that he added Orban to his name. This he did, as a matter of course, and made it famous.

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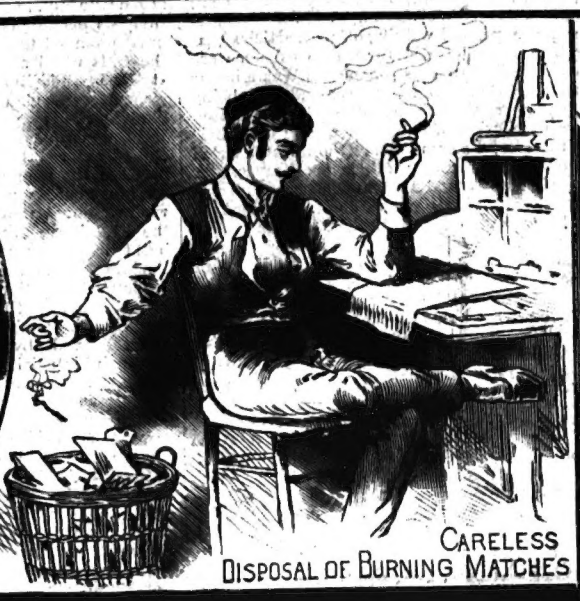
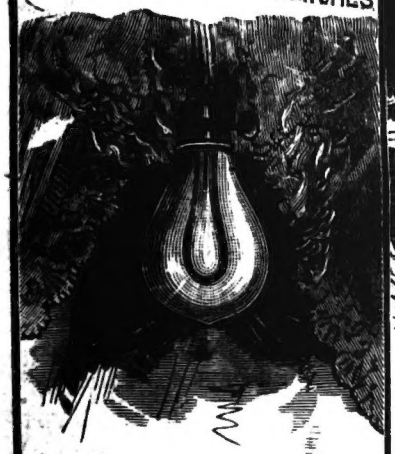


CARELESS DISPOSAL OF BURNING MATCHES

HUNTING THE GAS LEAK

BABY AND THE MATCHES



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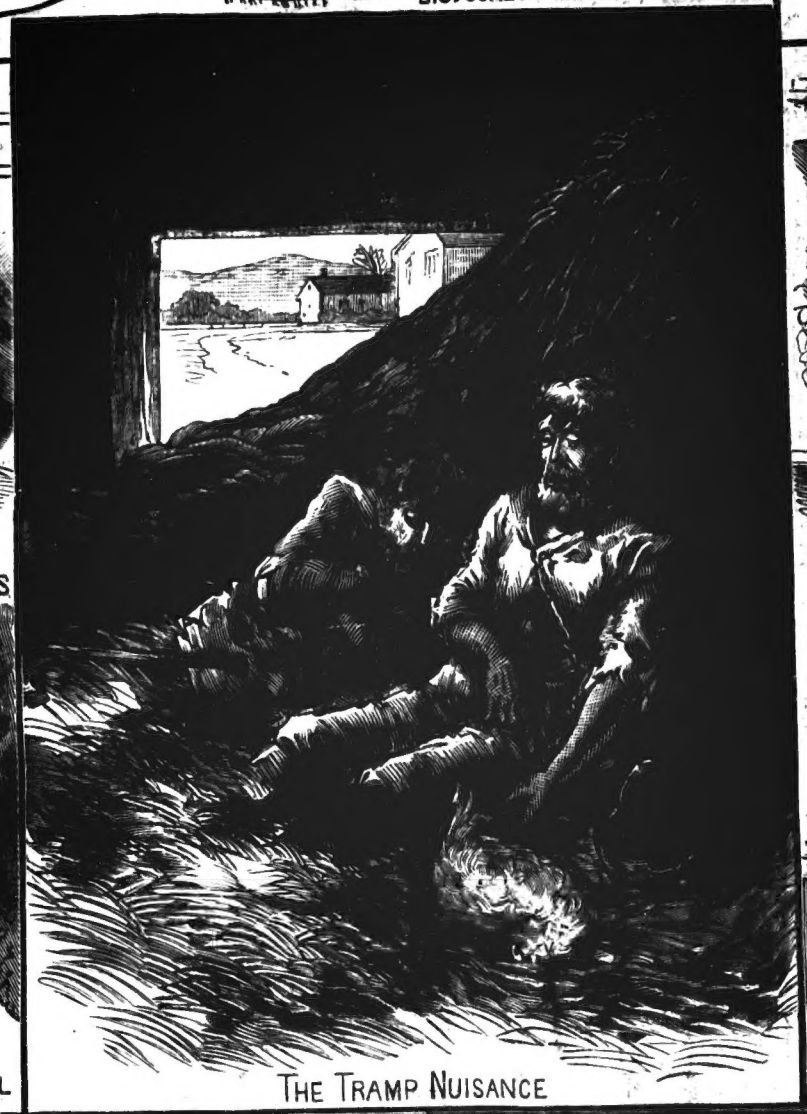

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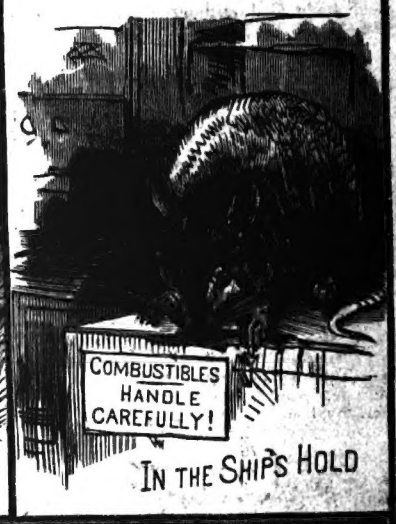

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